

LIBERTY LOAN'S GREAT SUCCESS DUE TO PEOPLE

Washington Believes Over-
subscription Will Reach
Billion Figure

SEVENTEEN MILLION BUYERS

Minneapolis Federal Reserve Dis-
trict Makes Country's
Finest Showing

HOT RACE IN CLOSING WEEK

German Born Americans in New York
Hold Great Meeting to Boom
Bond Sales

By J. W. MULLER
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS
AND STRIPES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, May 9.—The common people have done it, and they did it up to the hilt. The official Washington estimate, when the campaign closed at midnight Saturday, was that there were at least 17 million individual subscribers to the Third Liberty Loan—one sixth of the whole population of the United States. The first loan had only four and one-half million subscriptions, the second ten million. The whole country is cheering today, as this dispatch goes to you, because we went over the top with a whoop. But the biggest thing, to my mind, is that this has truly turned out to be a great popular loan, taken by the people throughout the length and breadth of the nation. It was not primarily a huge financial operation, but the offering of willing hearts and hands.

These are your own people—not merely a big vague nation, but Tom, Bill, Mary and Jane standing behind every one of you individually with boundless affection and faith. This in itself is a far greater success than is the mere fact of oversubscription, and during the days to come it will bring to the whole country a deep realization of the strength of democracy.

May Be Billion Over

The amount of the oversubscription is not definitely known at the moment this dispatch is filed. Washington thinks it will prove to be one billion over, but all we know positively is that there is an oversubscription of at least five hundred million without counting the last day.

Little old New York made a desperate sprint in the final two days of the campaign and wiped out its black eye on the very last day by going at least 27 millions over the 900 million quota set for this Federal Reserve district. The general hope is that New York's full returns will show a clean billion subscription.

There are four million individual subscribers in this district, which is more than four times as many as the first loan had and twice as many as the second. New York City raised \$163,000,000 in the final dash and has surely exceeded the quota set for the city alone, of \$667,000,000.

The fact remains, however, that the West outran the East spectacularly in the whole campaign and stayed ahead to the end, both in the speed with which the quotas were exceeded and in the percentages of excess.

States Exceed Quotas

We know already that every part of the Union exceeded its quota, with the possible exception of the Richmond, Cleveland and Atlanta districts, but these three claim that their first late figures show they went over the top, too.

The majority of the States exceeded their quotas. Delaware doubled the amount assigned it. Maryland went three million over its figure. Northern New Jersey beat its mark 23 per cent. In many States every county went over the top without a single exception. Almost 600 honor flags were won in the Philadelphia district.

New England claims 23 per cent over, with every one of its six States ahead.

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THREE-PLY GUNBOATS FOR A.E.F. TOOTSIES

Soles of New Army Shoe
Will Be Held Together
by Nails

Little Goody New-Shoes will soon be shot into your company from the replacement division. Little Goody New-Shoes are quite some shoes, too. They're guaranteed, as far as shoes which have to stand what shoes do stand over here can be guaranteed, not to do what the Giants once did—crack under the strain.

They're going to have three soles, which, it is expected, will give them a good ride. But—and here is the real difference—the ground floor and the second floor soles are going to be nailed together, not sewn. It has been proved beyond a doubt that this past winter—yes, of course, have helped a lot in the proving—that thread soles in water and mud and slush and everything, causing the soles which are joined by it to be as wobbly and separable as Bolsheviks. Therefore, no more thread for those two necessary foundation soles. They will be united by nails.

The last will be the same as the present issue. So as not to scare the Army, the Little Goody New-Shoes will not be sent up all in a bunch, but will be fed into the various units by degrees, and thus they will be given a chance to get acquainted. They are going to be gone over with a fine tooth comb and microscope and a whitewash brush and ever so many other things before you get them. And when you do, they ought to last a long time and to turn the cold shoulder to all the heavy going underfoot that tries to get too close to your socks.

THE GIRL WE'RE ALL FIGHTING FOR



YANKEE AIRMEN GET FIVE HUNS, OUR LOSSES TWO

Four Other Enemy Planes
Have Probably Been
Brought Down

CAPTAIN J. N. HALL MISSING
Quintet of German Flyers Put
to Rout by American
Formation

Five to two, or six to two—perhaps even nine to two, according to how you count, is the score registered in less than a month by American flyers against the German airmen in the Lorraine country.

The more recent of our two losses in the one month's record is the loss of Captain James Norman Hall, who has been missing since last Monday evening, when he and two other American flyers encountered four German machines in the clouds some ten miles within the enemy's lines.

Captain Hall was in hot pursuit of a Boche flyer when the latter dropped, turned, shot upward and came smashing into the American's machine. An artillery observer reports that Hall's craft righted itself before it struck the ground, and on this is based the hope that he is still alive.

Of the other three German planes in this engagement, one finally took flight and two others dropped, but whether they were destroyed in their fall the American witnesses cannot say, as visibility was poor.

Captain Hall enlisted in the British Army when the outbreak of the war caught him in the midst of a lazy walking trip through England. He is widely known for his book, "Kitchen's Mob," and for his verse. He was a member of the famous Lafayette Escadrille and he has won the D.S.C.

Captain Peterson's Victory

To Captain D. N. K. Peterson goes credit for the latest victory. It was one result of the encounter last Friday morning between a patrol of five Allied machines and five Huns.

All the members of the Allied patrol were Americans. They were scouting at dawn along the German lines when they saw five Germans coming toward them. The Americans immediately sallied out over the German held territory to get a battle.

Peterson engaged a biplane Albatross and after some maneuvering succeeded in puncturing the petrol tank and setting it on fire. It fell flaming and crashed behind the German lines.

Meantime, another biplane Albatross had been engaged by Chapman. Many rounds were exchanged from the machine guns before Chapman was charged from a bad quarter and the Boche bullet foot that tries to get too close to your socks.

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PARIS OFFICIALLY IN ZONE OF ADVANCE

Change Announced From
G.H.Q. Takes City Out
of Our L. of C.

Paris is now in the Zone of the Advance.

Paris has always been in the Zone of the Advance-in-Price, but not in the Zone of the Advance militarily.

Long, long ago, while Paris was technically in the Line of Communications, it was really in the Zone of the Advance—of the hurrying shells lobbed over by Big Bertha. It got it in the neck or pants morning, noon and night. It hurt to be in the L. of C.—technically—in those days; almost as much as it hurt to get in front of the business end of a shell. You felt as though you'd played in the world's series and then hadn't got a cent of the pennant money.

But now, thank Heaven and G.H.Q.—two bodies which are very close akin—Paris is where it belongs, in the Zone of the Advance. So let 'em lob their darned old shells over, and skim across with their goldarn Gothas! We're ready for 'em!

Here is good news for all A.E.F. officers with dependents. A recent Act of Congress provides that they shall be furnished with commutation of quarters and of heat and light for the maintenance of their dependents in the United States. According to telegraphic information just received from the Adjutant General of the Army, this is to be the rule for every officer "without regard to personal quarters furnished him elsewhere."

The new commutation, however, is not being paid at present, as the Act has been presented to the Controller of the Treasury for interpretation. There will probably have to be a test case to decide the question. In the event of a favorable decision the likelihood is that the collection of commutation will be retroactive to April 16, 1918, the date on which the Act was approved. In the meantime, the decision of the Adjutant General of the Army is that no claims for payments under the Act should be presented or paid until further instructions.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS FINDING READY SALE

Nebraska Leads Country,
District of Columbia in
Second Place

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, May 9.—The Third Liberty Loan campaign is over, but that doesn't mean that folks have stopped lending money to the Government until the next. The War Savings stamp campaign is already on with a boom and a whoop.

The West is far ahead in the stamp campaign, just as it was in the loan drive. Nebraska leads the country with \$14,000,000. New York is next with \$12,000,000. Missouri is third with \$11,000,000. Ohio fourth with \$9,500,000. Illinois fifth with \$8,400,000. Pennsylvania sixth with \$8,000,000, and Texas seventh with \$7,000,000.

According to percentage, the States rank in this order: Nebraska, District of Columbia, Missouri, Kansas, Oregon, Washington, Colorado, Indiana, Montana, Delaware, Iowa, Ohio, Arizona, South Dakota, Texas, California, Nevada, Connecticut, Minnesota, Oklahoma, Maine, New Hampshire, Wyoming, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Utah, West Virginia, New York, Arkansas, Idaho, Vermont, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, New Jersey, Maryland, New Mexico.

GOVERNMENT AID FOR ALL OFFICERS WITH DEPENDENTS

Commutation of Quarters,
Heat and Light for
Families

TEST CASE SEEMS LIKELY
Act Has Been Presented to Controller of Treasury for Interpretation

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INSIGNIA OF RANK ON OVERSEAS CAP

Enlisted Men Will Wear Button Showing Branch of Service

Off-again, on-again, gone-again, Finckagin! You've got to wear your insignia up on the top of your monk—beg pardon, half-seas-over cap, after all.

That's the dope. There's a part of a new general order entirely devoted to it. Too much confusion has resulted; hence the change.

The new regulations provide that officers shall wear the insignia of their rank on the cap placed five-eighths of an inch to the left of the center fold and five-eighths of an inch from the bottom edge.

For the various grades the instructions are: The bars which form the insignia of Lieutenants and captains shall be worn perpendicular to the bottom edge of the cap. The majors' and lieutenant-colonels' leaves shall be worn stem down. Colonels must wear the old eagle facing forward—as is quite appropriate.

Brigadier-generals must wear their stars point upward, just as Mars appears in the heavens. Additional stars, marking the rank of general officers above the grade of brigadier general, are to extend to the left and to be placed five-eighths of an inch apart and five-eighths of an inch, also, from the bottom edge of the interesting piece of headgear.

Enlisted men are to wear on the cap the button prescribed to be worn on the left hand side of the collar of the service coat. Again, the five-eighths of an inch rule comes into play—the button must be that much to the left of the center fold of the cap, and the same distance from the bottom edge.

LEAVE SUSPENSION HITS ALL A.E.F. MEN

No Exceptions to Rule Will
Be Allowed, Says
Statement

Leaves in the A.E.F. have been suspended indefinitely. The reason is, of course, the "present emergency," the term by which the war is known in official American state papers, but in this case narrowed down to apply to the German onslaught in the north.

There will be no exceptions to the order, according to an authoritative statement. Officers and men are alike. Men now on leave, however, will not be compelled to return to their units until their permission period is up.

HOME FOLKS WAITING FOR GREAT SHIPLOAD OF "MOTHER'S LETTERS"

ONE 'MOTHER'S LETTER'

Executive Mansion, Washington,
November 21, 1864.

Mrs. Dixby, Boston, Massachusetts.
Dear Madam—I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from your grief for a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Postmaster General Promises Speedy Delivery of May 12 Messages

WOUNDED TO WRITE, TOO
Searchers Will Aid Men in Hospital in Sending Back Words of Cheer

JOAN OF ARC'S DAY AS WELL
French Churches Will Unite in Observing Event With American Soldiers

The great news agencies have sent over the cables to America a full account of this newspaper's plan for the observance of Mother's Day, and today every mother of the A.E.F. knows that Sunday, May 12—the day after tomorrow—will see such a concentration of writing home as never an expeditionary force made since the war began.

America's lively interest in the celebration finds expression in this cable to the editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES from the big chief of all our postmasters:

"Post Office Department will make every effort to expedite delivery of Mothers' Letters upon arrival in this country. Proper instructions will be issued to all postmasters."

"BRIERSON, Postmaster-General."

All Is Ready Over Here
On this side of the Atlantic all is in readiness for the day which, next to Christmas, is the gentlest anniversary in all the calendar.

G.H.Q. has sent word along the line to every army and corps commander to make it as easy for the men to write their mothers that day as the somewhat preoccupying business of war will permit. Company censors are expected to work double time if necessary to see that not a needless moment of delay is suffered by these Mothers' Letters when once they have started on their long journey home.

Furthermore, the main office of the postal service of the A.E.F. has sent out general orders to every Army post office in France, serving notice on them of a heavy May 12 mail and directing that special attention be given to every envelope which carries in its upper right-hand corner the countersign, "Mothers' Letter."

The Y.M.C.A. and the Red Cross are doing their part. Every day in France is marked with reminders of Mother's Day—there will be Mother's Day services in all of them—and out of the 25,000,000 sheets of Y.M.C.A. writing paper now in process of delivery, there will be an abundance in every hut for the greatest letter-writing day of the year.

Even the men in the uttermost trenches of the A.E.F. will not fail to write their message home on May 12 for lack of paper for the Y.M.C.A. secretaries who make their ready rounds of the disconsolate "tomorrow" night will see that their pouches, besides being stocked with smokes and similar necessities of existence, are stuffed to bursting with all the raw material of a Mother's Letter.

In Red Cross Canteens
The walls of every Red Cross canteen will flaunt "Mother's Letter" posters and the writing of Mothers' Letters

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MEN IN DUGOUT SEND REQUEST FOR WAR WAIF

Signal Battalion Asks for
"Any Little Girl" From
Six to Eight

TOTAL IN THREE FIGURES
One Hundred and Four French Orphans Find Parrains in American E.F.

One hundred and four. The total of child-mascots adopted by the A.E.F. went over the top and into three figures this week, five weeks after the announcement of THE STARS AND STRIPES plan to enable American Army units to adopt and support for one year French war orphans.

One hundred and four grateful little children who have lost their fathers or their homes through the war are assured of food, comfort and a home, and thousands of American soldiers have the satisfaction of knowing that they have done a generous deed and helped to convey, in a practical way, a suggestion of the friendship and gratitude of the United States toward France. The adoption of the first 100 children has barely skimmed the surface of the thousands of needy cases. But it is a beginning, and the quick response attests the willingness of the American soldiers to help.

The bulk of the first 100 requests are from aviators, organizations in training and the S.O.S. The men on the line have been too busy, and also, as one or two have pointed out, in the trenches the banking facilities for transmitting money are not of the best. There have been a few requests right from the front, however. One came this week. Lieut. John A. Hart, 3rd Platoon, Company C, — Field Signal Battalion, wrote from a dugout:

Would Like One a Month
"My platoon, now in the trenches, has decided to take an orphan and pay for it at once. I will forward the money as soon as I get to a post office for a money order. My hopes are that we will take one each month for awhile. Will you pick us out a girl and send me her picture so I can send it around to the boys, as they are spread over a big

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PATRIOTIC TALKER GETS BADLY PEEVED

Wisconsin Students Show Impatience as Speech
Drags On

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, May 9.—The country is delighted over the story of how a certain famous Princeton professor returned indignantly from a patriotic lecture to University of Wisconsin students and announced loudly that the University was a hotbed of sedition because the students showed impatience at his remarks.

The Governor of Wisconsin, the university faculty and prominent citizens are now proclaiming aloud that the lecturer cast a horrible gloom over the entire audience by appearing with notes two inches thick and insisting on talking until deep, settled pain pervaded all his hearers.

The university faculty's resolution, repudiating the professor's charge, says subtly that two men in the audience died from exposure, though it does not really assert that death was due to exposure to the professor's remarks.

BIGGEST ARMY POSSIBLE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, May 9.—Secretary Baker's proposal to Congress to raise the biggest Army possible is backed everywhere without dissent.

The need for the augmented forces is seen on every side, and the feeling is that the secretary, in the light of his recent extended tour of the European battle front and the training area of the A.E.F. in France, is the man who should properly be "in the know."

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JERSEY RIVETER SHIPYARD CHAMP

One Edward Gibson Drives
2,919 Hot Ones in
Eight Hours

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, May 9.—The Great American Ear hears with pleasing frequency some pretty big splashes from the direction of both Atlantic and Pacific coasts these warm spring days, as new shipyard records are made as they were real ingrained prohibitions.

They've just launched a 5,600 ton freighter within 28 days of the laying of its keel. That cuts in half the previous record of 55 days, which was the length of time it took the Seattle yards to put an 8,900 ton ship into the briny deep.

Aside from these team contests between shipyards, to see which can launch ships in the shortest possible time, there are being held individual contests, notably between riveters. Up to the hour of going to press, Edward Gibson of the Federal Shipyard at Kearney, N. J., was the national rivet champ, having driven in 2,919 rivets in eight hours' work. By so doing he snatched the title right out of the claws of Charles Mulham of the Fore River Yards at Quincy, Mass., who drove 2,506 rivets in nine hours.

It is hot work, as the rivets are white hot at the time they are driven into the ships' plates. But the boys seem to like it, and are pounding 'em in with a vim, rip and bang in every yard.

A.E.F. BOOSTERS MAKE HIT

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, May 9.—The boosters from the A.E.F. have received a tremendous reception in New York and confirm the growing suspicion that our forces in France are composed of "regular guys."

They share the honors with the "Blue Devils," the Alpine chausseurs who came over to the A.E.F. and with the 500 Angles who have just arrived from Adelaide via Panama.

The presence of these representatives of three fighting races has been warmly appreciated by the metropolis, as it has given the people a close-up view of who's who and what in the war.

CHAPLAINS TO SHOW ONLY CROSS OF GOD

Rank Will No Longer Be Indicated by Shoulder Insignia

CORPS TO BE ORGANIZED

Grade of Lieutenant Colonel Can Now Be Assigned to Army's Padres

By Bishop H. C. BRENT, Headquarters Chaplain, A.E.F.

The Army chaplain is simply a minister of religion performing his duties under military conditions. Though he may be a commissioned officer, his military rank is conferred merely as a means of fitting him to best advantage into the Army system.

Men are of divided opinion as to the desirability of rank for chaplains. In the British Navy, for instance, chaplains have no rank. With us, they have rank from first lieutenant up to lieutenant colonel. Until a recent enactment by Congress, the highest grade for chaplains was major. But whether with or without rank, the chaplain is the representative of the ministry of the church which he represents, and of the One Commander of all the Army of God.

According to recent regulations, he is not to wear the insignia of rank—why should he? His functions remain unaltered whether he be lieutenant or colonel; but he is to be distinguished by the cross on his collar which signifies the unchangeable commission of his unchangeable office. The uniform mode of address, according to law, is "Chaplain," unless the familiar and affectionate title of "Padre" displaces it, as it frequently does in both the English and American Armies.

In the old days of the Regulars, when our military establishment was small, the number of chaplains was correspondingly small. The chaplain was attached to a regiment but larger than the present establishment. There were chaplains' corps, though it has long been thought desirable to form one, so that his responsibility was strictly individual and parochial. The divided state of Christendom necessitated a *pro rata* appointment from the various churches, which seems to be the best working basis that can be devised.

Chaplain's New Importance

Now that we have a whole nation under arms, the position and responsibilities of the chaplain spring into new prominence and importance. Up to now, the old law has stood, which, however adequate for peace conditions, has left the Army bare at a moment and under conditions requiring maximum moral and spiritual effort.

In America the need could be supplied by local aid. In France, it was a different matter. Men at the supreme moment of their lives, in the face of imminent death, were, and in many instances still are, without those ministrations which are on the threshold of every citizen at home. We have just learned that the new chaplains' bill has become law, and we are to have a chaplain for every soldier. The next thing is to speed up appointments and secure ministrations for our soldiers who, in the day of battle, are asking for them.

It does not require any extended argument to justify the movement to organize the chaplains into a corps with a central office at G.H.Q. The original plan was outlined early in January of this year.

What Corps Will Do

To put the matter briefly, the benefit of the organization, which has just been made the subject of a general order, is to create esprit de corps among chaplains. While varieties of religious faith are great, the motive and purpose is one and capable of consolidation. To provide such literature on chaplains' opportunities and duties as will lead to the highest degree of efficiency and unity of effort.

To prevent and forestall duplication of effort and friction, and to act as a coordinating factor in the religious effort in the Army.

To insure steady ministrations in every part of the Army so that there will be no bald spots or areas where special attention can thus be given to units that are broken and divided by military necessity, and special details.

To put the chaplain's office and function, as an important military asset, in its right relation to the Army.

To give to the chaplains that official recognition at the center which is necessary for their inspiration and highest efficiency.

To have a carefully chosen group who will be representative of the chaplains and qualified to speak intelligently in their name on all matters pertaining to their status and duties. This body will be in a position to present their cause in all circumstances and secure for them the support necessary for the fulfillment of their responsibilities.

Plan of Organization

The organization is simple. The G.H.Q. office consists of three chaplains, two ministers of Evangelical churches, the third a Roman Catholic. One of them is designated as senior chaplain. Division, corps and army chaplains will be appointed in course. Through them the central office will reach the entire body.

In order to conserve, coordinate, and use to best advantage all the religious effort that is being put forth in the A.E.F., the Board on Chaplains' Organization has kept in constant touch with the Red Cross, whose chaplains are assigned to hospitals; the Y.M.C.A., who have a large number of ministers available for religious work; and the Knights of Columbus, who have an increasing number of chaplains under their supervision. Care will be taken to provide ministrations to those of the Jewish faith, and also, as far as possible, to any considerable group of co-religionists that there may be in the A.E.F.

The experience of our Allies has been that the chaplain has emerged from the obscurity of rather an anomalous adjunct of the Army into one of the most honored and essential agencies in the military establishment. He is capable of giving a morale to no one else can, and in heroism and virility he has been found second to none. Even in our young history, chaplains have already displayed those characteristics which make them powerful for good and conspicuous as leaders.

CHANGE OF CHARACTER

Lieut. Swallow: I don't know what to make of Lieut. Tailspin since he joined that bombing squadron.

Lieut. Sparrow: Yes, he's changed a lot; become a regular fly by night.

A "Mother's Letter" From the Wife of the President of the French Republic

(TO BE READ THROUGHOUT AMERICA ON MOTHER'S DAY)

TO THE MOTHERS OF AMERICA:

At this time when the United States, true to its appealing custom, is celebrating Mother's Day, let me tell you in the name of the French societies of the Red Cross, how much we want to share in this expression of gratitude towards the valiant mothers of noble America and how deeply our hearts, with yours, are in this holy observance.

From the beginning of the war, the American mothers, in their tender solicitude, sent us their babies' toys for our babies. Then they themselves came amongst us, enlisting in an ever-increasing number of organizations for the care of the sick and the wounded. Even before your great country took part in this fight, they lavished here treasures of self-sacrifice and generosity.

Now that their husbands, brothers and sons are crossing the sea to come to France and fight under the Stars and Stripes, their courage is called upon to face that hard trial which the women of France have known these many months.

They can be sure that those who are dear to them and whom they follow on to the battlefield with their thoughts will find here the most cordial welcome and the gentlest care.

It is my earnest wish that this assurance comfort them. For all the distance, the women of France feel quite close to the American mothers. They are linked closely in the same patriotic duties, in the same hopes.

This is what the Red Cross Societies begged me to tell you today, feeling as they do that they speak faithfully what all French women feel.

(Signed) HENRIETTE POINCARÉ.

HOME FOLKS AWAIT "MOTHER'S LETTERS"

Continued from Page 1

will be the special task this coming Sunday of those devoted women of the Red Cross whose business it is to journey from ward to ward through all the base hospitals, taking dictation from the soldiers there who are too weak or hurt to sit up or hold a pencil. Theirs is the work of keeping the lonesome doughty boy in touch with home. Sometimes it is a pretty delicate task.

At a time when the Red Cross has played the devil with many a soldier's heart, the other day from the pillow of a hospital bed, "She won't mind that much. I never was so awful handsome. But don't tell her yet that I've lost my right arm."

The doctor says I'll soon be able to shake a stick and every day he gets back. Then she'll be so glad to see me she won't care so much."

Probably the Red Cross searchers will be swamped with the number of letters the boys in the hospitals will want to write on May 12, but that is not a nurse and many an orderly who can catch in and help that day. Hospital censors might as well make up their minds to an all-night job on Mother's Day.

You can guess that at many a point in the A.E.F., where conditions are not too strenuous and every hour is not a crisis, some hour on Sunday will be set aside for the writing of Mothers' Letters.

Choose Your Own Hour

The staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES has chosen 4 o'clock in the afternoon—the hour in our memories when mother used to subside a little from her whirl of work and settle down in that rocking chair of hers by the window.

At 4 o'clock on May 12, "Brain Mash" will pretend there never was such a word as etiquette, the circulation manager will cease for a time to care whether you get your favorite newspaper or not and the cartoonist will forget all those hard guys who serve as models in his art. Let there be no more of that but the scratching of pens and the rat-

tle of typewriters, nothing thought but the message of love and peace clear down from every man of us to someone back home.

And when you settle down to such an hour, be it in billet or dugout, in "Y" hut or tent or office, keep in mind these three things. A Mother's Letter must be written and posted May 12. It must bear in the upper right hand corner of the envelope the words "Mother's Letter"—those two words and no others. It may be written by each and every one of us, for those of us who have lost our mothers may still write a Mother's Letter to the person, young or old, man or woman, who has done the most to take her place.

France to Join In

In that way we can best observe an American fête day which will be celebrated this year as it has never been celebrated before and which will be celebrated in France for the first time in history. For our friends in France are making ready to join with us in the observance of a peculiarly American custom. Cardinal Amette, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, has directed that there be special services in all the churches, and Mme. Poincaré, wife of the President of the French Republic, has written a Mother's Letter to all the Mothers of America, a letter which May 12 will hear read from the pulpits over home. That letter is printed elsewhere in these columns.

Mother's Day falls on a day that is glorious in the calendar of the English. It is the day that is sacred to the memory of Joan of Arc. It is always the first Sunday after May 8 which the French people mark in honor of the matchless maid who came up from the fields of Domremy, placed herself at the head of the little Dauphin's troops and led them to the great victory of Orléans.

The day was set aside in honor of our mothers, the day the A.E.F. will fill a waiting ship with Mothers' Letters, is the day which France has dedicated to the glory of the greatest woman she ever knew. Dedicate it to the greatest woman you ever knew. Write her on Mother's Day.

For much the same doggedness, Corporal James Thornley, Infantry, wins the general's commendation. He was wounded early in the day while exhorting his squad to hold its position and yet later he was the one who went up a tree and from that vantage point shot down directions as to where the enemy was located.

So, the record runs—here a lieutenant who helped work a gun himself after three fellow officers and eight privates had been put out of business, artillerymen crossing the open under fire again and again, an ammunition train driver dodging his truck under burning shrapnel until his motor struck and he had to coast the rest of his course with the radiator and driver's seat punctured, with the canvas top and wheel guards blown off and with the wheels and body riddled with shots.

FEWER MORNING PAPERS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

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This is but one of a number of similar occurrences of late years in large cities of the United States, where the tendency has been to reduce rather than enlarge the number of papers sharing the morning field.

Previous to the Hearst combine in Chicago, the mergers most commented upon were those of the *New York Press* with the *Sun* and the *Cleveland Leader* with the *Plain Dealer*, making the latter the only morning paper in the Ohio metropolises.

200 GIRLS IN RACE

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NEW YORK, May 9.—Admirers of the well-known and popular human form are greatly cheered by the growing mass of news about women swimmers challenging back and forth across the continent, promising a gorgeous maelstrom season calculated to out-Annette Annette at her mightiest. Among the female of the species, the one-piece suit promises to be as popular this summer as the little O.D. is among the male.

Added to that, the admirers of the w.k. and p. human form had a real treat out in California when 200 Golden West girls started and 148 finished in a seven mile road race near Frisco.

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MANY COMMENDED FOR APRIL 20 FIGHT

Germans' Seicheprey Dead Equal Shafter's Loss at Santiago

CHAPLAIN'S NAME ON LIST

Buzzer Artist Takes Hand in Struggle for Ammunition Dump

An echo of the savage fighting at Seicheprey which made April 20 memorable in the history of the American sector northwest of Toul is sounded in the list of commendations issued by the general who commanded our troops in that victorious engagement—commendations for the many outstanding deeds of individual heroism displayed in the course of one day's fighting which left a number of German dead in our trenches equal to Shafter's total loss at Santiago. Thus honored are about one hundred of the three hundred Americans who held our positions that day against 3,000 picked German storm troops.

The list of commendations includes some men who have already been decorated with the *Croix de Guerre* and names Colonel Bertram and 14 French infantrymen who led the American wounded back through the woods to the first aid stations. Most of the enlisted men were from many a town and village in New England and the officers commended are from all parts of America.

What Chaplain Farrell Did

One of those commended is a chaplain. His name is William J. Farrell and you can have one guess at his church. Chaplain Farrell personally conducted an ambulance along a heavily-shelled road, and helped gather and comfort the wounded.

In Seicheprey's chronicle of valor, there was more than one instance of impromptu fighting. Corporal Ralph M. Whiting, driver in front of the buzzer he was operating, decided that the time had come for him to join the infantry and straightway joined in an hour's fighting which saved an ammunition dump.

Privates H. R. Johnson and J. C. Parent, artillerymen both, were set to the task of repairing wires under a steady rain of gas and high explosives and stuck to this job till communication was restored, though both of them had been wounded. Though Sergeant Benjamin James was seriously hurt by shell splinters, he persisted at his work of carrying the truck under burning shrapnel until his motor struck and he had to coast the rest of his course with the radiator and driver's seat punctured, with the canvas top and wheel guards blown off and with the wheels and body riddled with shots.

Wound Didn't Matter

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FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION

Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Removed from Their Affinities

A.V.C.—Yes, it's too late now to send her a Valentine. If it were only two months later, you might get by with it, and blame it—as you do everything else—on the post office. But three months is stretching it a little bit too far. Wait till next year, or the year after; there'll be plenty of time.

T.B.J.—Yes, if the picture flatters you, send it by all means. If it doesn't, send it anyway. You know, you look a lot better to her over here than you ever did over there; so don't be afraid if the camera told the truth about you. (Somebody has got to tell it, you know; you could never be depended on to do it!)

W.R.C.—You say her Old Man is an Army officer back in the States and you are a bit skittish about writing to her, what with being a lunk private and all? Well, you needn't be. Start off your letters with "From: To: Subject," number the paragraphs, and stick to the third person all the way through. Then, if the Old Man finds the letters lying around the house, he'll think they're just plain recommendations or requisitions and won't bother to read 'em. That's the way to fool him!

U.B.D.—You say you've lost her last letter somewhere between the dressing station and the base hospital and you don't know what to write her because you've forgotten what she asked you? Well, write her anyway; she can't be forgotten, too. Women never acquire memories until after they're married. And then they make up for lost time.

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Things soldiers want and can't get in camp, sweets like jam and honey, smokes, both cigarettes and makings, delicious fire-roasted chickens or potted ham or tongue, these the Shopping Service will send you anywhere in France.

Toilet articles (not in bottles), shaving things, needed drugs, etc.—ask the Shopping Service for them.

Wrist watches, fountain pens and other things get out of order. Send them along and the Shopping Service will have them repaired.

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Write for "Mutt and Jeff" comics cut from American papers, and our bulletin of merchandise available this month in Paris shops. Mention the name of the Store below nearest your home town in America.

60,000 REFUGEES MOVED TO SAFETY WHEN HUN COMES

American Red Cross Per-
forms Task With Small
Personnel

MOVING ON SHORT NOTICE

Villages Evacuated When Enemy
Bullets Are Beginning to
Patter in Streets

GOAT OR MATTRESS—WHICH?

Inhabitants Have to Make Up Minds
Quickly on What One Possession
They Will Take

When the Germans launched their great offensive and for a time pushed back the line of the Allies, they seized a strip of French soil all dotted with towns and villages and farms astride with the promise of spring. From this little fragment of France every living civilian had to be moved to a place of safety, and this task fell, at a moment's notice, to the American Red Cross.

Working all day and all night with a personnel of less than a hundred, calling into service everything on wheels they could command, the Red Cross evacuated in less than a week an army of old men, women and little children numbering more than 60,000. They were able to do it in so short a time, they were able to do it at all, because the Red Cross and France and, for the most part, these people themselves, had been through the thing before and they knew how.

But this does not mean it was an easy task nor one managed with a clock-like precision. There was too little time for that. From town to town to town, the civilian population receded until, from some railway center, they could be shipped off to Paris and from there absorbed silently into the countless homes beyond reach of the invader.

In the Nick of Time
Sometimes the evacuation of a village had to be done so quickly that it almost seemed as though the Germans were pressing in on them as they were being poured out of the other. More than once a camion brought in its last load of helpless old people from a village where the advancing columns were so near that shots from the machine-guns were already pattering in the deserted streets.

There was seldom time to let the old folks pack up their cherished possessions and seldom room in the trucks and carts for all they wanted to take with them. For the most part, each person was told he could take just one thing with him, and this was a matter of choice between the best mattress and the goat.

Sometimes a whole town would have just one half hour's notice to move on its way and this time they were not given their choice as to whether they would go or stay. Not that a person of their would have chosen to stay, for clearly as the French love the bit of soil they know is theirs, most of these people had lived once through a German occupation and they would rather far have walked to the ends of the earth than go through another.

Every Kind of Vehicle Used

Every kind of vehicle had to be used in this evacuation. Each of the Red Cross units with which this countryside was dotted had its Fords, and as many camions as could be found in Paris were rushed to the scene of stress, to join in the ferry service which was proceeding as best it could with farm wagons, dog-carts, wheelbarrows, and even baby carriages. Cars in every state of disability were kept in that service, and there should be a special decoration for a battered camionette that did wonders for all its three flat tires and broken down springs.

To conceive the confusion of such a hurried flight of a whole population you must remember it was conducted on highways and byways already black with soldiers, in some places the troops of the receding English Army, in some the troops going forward into battle.

To picture it, you must think of an indescribable pageant of old and young, strong and weak, British troops, French troops, a great number of Portuguese troops, brown Chinese coolies with their heavy possessions slung in sacks over their backs, swarms of Moroccans who had been working on the roads, whole regiments of Italian soldier-laborers, tiny Annamites from the Far East who had been driving camions and working about the camps—this is what you saw if you were at any of the great cross roads when the heira began.

At the Main Exit

So, though most of the Red Cross energies were bent on the rescue of the civilian population, there was work aplenty to do among the soldiers. Those who were wounded British and American soldiers to be carried out in trucks padded with mattresses to prevent too much jolting, and there were hungry soldiers to feed. The Red Cross canteens, extended throughout the district, served more than 20,000 every day.

Compiègne was the main exit gate of the invaded region—the neck of the bottle through which the population poured out, and in Compiègne, at the exact spot where Joan of Arc was captured, a portable kitchen was set up and tea, coffee and the like were served there every day to more than 10,000 soldiers and civilians.

Besides carrying and steering the people of that luckless countryside to some place of safety, the Red Cross workers had to carry out the live stock and the farm implements well. There were the seven great Red Cross warehouses which were serving as centers of distribution in the reconstruction of that very countryside which had been so carefully and maliciously devastated when the Germans yielded it up a year ago. These were emptied and every plow, every tractor, every roll of wire and every bag of seed was carried beyond reach of itching German hands. Milk in that region is more precious than rubies, and the cattle were carefully herded and driven along in the procession. The very pigs were escorted to safety, and at one moment the tension was relieved by a gale of laughter that rose when a Red Cross delegate solemnly reported that he had conveyed a company of 106 hens out of the danger zone and was waiting for instructions as to where they should be billeted.

The 60,000 souls were out of that danger within the week.

HOW IT WORKS OUT

When Jones joined the Army he had all the dope down fine. Said he, "I'd ought to land the cush, though serving in the line. A private's pay is thirty, then by adding ten per cent—

That's thirty-three,
And now twelve,
In this here now French currency—
Fifty-sixty rate,
Makes one-eight-eight—
Or thereabouts, why hell! that's great!
It's more'n enough
To buy me stuff,
And let me throw a swell front blur.
Because my chow
Is paid for now,
And I don't need but to allow
A little kale
For gin or ale,
And maybe some day blow a frail
To vo-de-vee
In gay Parée
Or some live joint like that city—
Why, I'll be flush—besides, Friend Gvt. is staking me the rent."

On pay day Jones was right on dewk, an outstretched cap in view—
He thought he trusting to his hands some clackers might leak through.
He'd planned to split his wages among all the leading banks,
But the Q.M.
Just said, "Ahem!
You'll find your dope sheet is a gem.
Expenses come
To quite a sum.
Thought where the tin is coming from
Is not my care
But your affair.
We'll have to charge you for a pair
Of leggings lost,
Ten francs the cost;
On board the ship we note you tossed
A cigarette
Into the wet—
Subs might upon our trail have set.
That'll put you
Back ninety-two,
Insurance, bonds, allotments, too—
In short, you owe the Government just eighty-seven francs."

CAMP
SHERMAN
LIBRARY

TYLER H. BLISS, Corp. Inf.

MEN IN DUGOUT SEND REQUEST FOR WAR WAIF

Continued from Page 1
stretch of front? Any little girl around six or eight years old will do."

Requests for mascots, and the number requested by each, were received from the following this week:

Captain Robert R. Meigs.....	1
Co. B. — Engineers, Ry.....	1
2nd Lieut. E. A. B.....	1
Co. C. — Engineers, Ry.....	1
Co. F. — Inf.....	1
Army Field Clerks, A.G.O., S.O.S.....	1
Ordnance Officer.....	2
Captain Frank H. Meigs.....	1
Co. D. — Telegraph Bn.....	1
Personnel Division, Hd. Y.M.C.A.....	1
3rd Platoon, Co. C. — Field	
Signal Bn.....	1
Lieut. E. L. W.....	1
Lieut. L. P. Hall.....	1
Mail Division.....	1
The Sigs. Co. D. — M.G. Bn.....	1
Aero Squadron.....	2
Co. E. — Engineers.....	1
Previously adopted.....	85
Total.....	104

Photographs Soon Furnished

Every effort is being made by the special committee of the American Red Cross which chooses the children and supervises the expenditure of the money upon them to keep the contact between the children and their parents as close as possible. Six photographs of the little mascots are furnished the adopting unit as soon as possible and a monthly report of progress is to be made.

In most instances so far, a real acquaintance is formed by the children themselves, who, if they are old enough, invariably insist upon writing their "godfathers" their own letters of thanks. These are translated by the Red Cross and the translation is forwarded with the original.

The *Oo La La Times*, official newspaper of the — Engineers, Ry., forwarded the contributions for Cos. B and C of its regiment, and said:

"The proposal was made that the regiment should adopt an orphan, but it appeared so much to the boys of Co. C that they raised enough for one in less than two hours. Then Co. B gathered enough for a mascot in record time."

Easiest Thing He Ever Did

Private Eugene J. Loudon, of Co. F, — Inf., said:

"Reading in your paper of April 5, I learned how A.R.F. boys could adopt a war orphan, so I immediately got busy in our company, and raising the 500 francs was about the easiest thing I ever did."

Ordnance Officer wrote:

"I saw last week for the first time a copy of THE STARS AND STRIPES. Your plan of adopting French children in need impresses me as a very sensible way of showing the deep sympathy which Americans feel toward the people of France. Inclosed you will find 1000 francs, which permits me to adopt for one year two French children. I would like a little brother and sister between the ages of two and ten, rather favoring the lower figures."

"Would it not be well to suggest through your columns that many unmarried officers, like myself, could hardly find a better way to spend a part of that '10 per cent for foreign service' than by adopting a little orphan for a year? I regard this not as charity, but as a privilege offered me to help even a little this country for which I have long had a sincere admiration and sympathy."

More Than a Year
Capt. F. H. Maguire asked for a little girl and said: "If necessary and if circumstances permit, I will look after her for a longer period than a year, and if during the year covered by the subscription, I am advised that the child is in need of further support, I will endeavor to meet the demands."

"We sincerely thank you for the opportunity given us to show our feeling for the French in this meager manner," wrote the Army Field Clerks of the Record and Mail Division.

United States Depository of Public Moneys in

Paris, New York & London.

The Société Générale pour favoriser etc., & its Branches throughout France will act as our correspondents for the transactions for Members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

CHEVRONS FOR A.F.C.'S STILL UP IN THE AIR

A.E.F. Nurses Also Wonder
Whether They're Entitled
to Gold Stripes

Service chevrons for army field clerks are still up in the air and have as yet shown no signs of alighting upon the waiting forearms of the Knights of the crossed pens. The ruling at present in force is that service to count in the wearing of the chevron must be service as an officer or enlisted man in the A.E.F.

The Adjutant General, however, has the subject under consideration, and THE STARS AND STRIPES has been assured that it will be notified as soon as there is any modification of the ruling.

In support of their plea to be included in the decoration, the field clerks quote the opinion of the Judge Advocate General of the Army, of the date of June 21, 1917:

"It is settled that under the Act of August 29, 1916, creating the positions of army field clerk and field clerk Q.M.C., occupants of these positions have a military status, and that as they are appointed to office by the Secretary of War, they are officers in the military service, although not commissioned officers."

In the same connection, another question has arisen. It is expressed in a letter to this office, which speaks for itself. Here it is:

"What about service stripes for nurses, that much-abused, overworked (stress on the overwork) body of women? Don't they get any stripes for sitting around back of the Theater of Operations? Anyway, 'rights is rights,' male or female. What about the stripes?"

ONE HERO NOT IN ARMY

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, May 9.—All the bravery and determination in the world is not confined to the battle plains of France. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Scandinavian explorer, though ill with typhoid way up in the Arctic circles, traveled for 24 days with his dogs and Eskimos, over ice floes, streams and mountains, and finally arrived at Port Yukon, alive. Stefansson, though exhausted by his sickness and his long forced march, is now rapidly recovering.

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HISTORICAL CHATEAU

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YANKEE AIRMEN GET FIVE HUNS, OUR LOSSES TWO

Continued from Page 1
lots raked his plane with deadly fire. It burst into flames and fell.
One of Chapman's comrades saw the whole fight and tried to save his pal, but was unable to get his fire on the Boche in time. It is feared that Chapman was killed. Inquiries are being made through Switzerland to determine definitely what was his fate in this fall into the German lines.

Back Toward Berlin

The four Albatross machines after only a few minutes were winging as rapidly as their motors would take them in the general direction of Berlin. The Americans pursued them for some distance, then returned to their own field. Chapman's comrades were saddened at his loss, but took it as one of the inevitable consequences of the contest for supremacy of the air. At the same time that they had lost one of their number, they had evened the score by bringing down a Boche. And the four previous victories credited to Americans still stood in their favor.

One of the four had been achieved the day before by Lieutenant James Meissner of Brooklyn. Meissner was flying around in the atmosphere just above the German lines just at noon Thursday when along came a Boche. Meissner started for him. The Boche went into a virile, ended it, and straightened out on a straightaway race for home. From above the Brooklyn Lieutenant peeped on the Boche machine, firing as he came. The Boche made a turn and his machine caught and ripped a wing of Meissner's plane. The German then began to fall. With flames pouring out, he crashed down behind his own lines in the forest south of Thiancourt.

No Doubt of Boche's Fate

There was no doubt in the minds of observers who had watched the fight from the American trenches that the Boche machine was destroyed and the pilot killed. As for Meissner, he got away without even a limp. Knowing his plane had been damaged, however, he landed on the first level field he sighted. It was then found that if the rip had been only a little longer he would probably have fallen with his opponent. But he didn't, and the machine was soon repaired for further ventures.

Preceding had been the victory of Captain Norman Hall and Lieutenant E. A. Rickenbacker, the Monday before over a German biplane. And several days before that incident the memorable fight had occurred in which Lieutenants Campbell and Winslow had scored their victories over two Huns in eight minutes from start to finish. Of these exploits the story has been already written.

Before all, Major Lufberry had shot down a plane in "Germany," as the airmen for brevity call everything the other side of the German lines. But his complete fall had not been observed and Major Lufberry was not given the official credit that would make the score six, instead of five, to two.

Private Hlobodan (watching an officer who is carrying a cane up front): Well, he don't know how to swing that stick for a cent! He probly never had no practice in the States—he must be a regular guy, then!

HOTEL CONTINENTAL

3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

MASTER OF SARCASM IS FOUND IN A.E.F.

Letter Took Day Longer to
Return Than It Did to
Get There

Discovered: One master of sarcasm in the A.E.F.

Of course, there's been plenty of "crabbing" (English readers consult "grousing") in the A.E.F., as there is in every well-regulated Army. But crabbing is to real, low-down sarcasm as one-old-cat is to big league ball. There are plenty of guys who can crab. Here's one who can be real "sarcastic," as Artemus Ward put it. And this is what he says, writing from a town which is some 100 miles away from Paris:

"The attached envelope, postmarked Paris April 21, was received by me today—May 1.
"It contained a letter dated April 21 which acknowledged receipt on April 19 of my letter dated April 10.
"While I can readily understand the difficulties of transportation between here and that far distant city of delight, I have found it more difficult to get there than to get away."

"The fact that an efficient postal service can deliver a letter in nine days in a place I have been unable to reach in three months should, of course, not be overlooked and is fully appreciated.
"I cannot, however, understand why it should require an extra day in returning. Only nine days to go, but ten days to come back. I suggest an investigation.
"The investigation is hereby duly ordered."

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

"My Portrait"

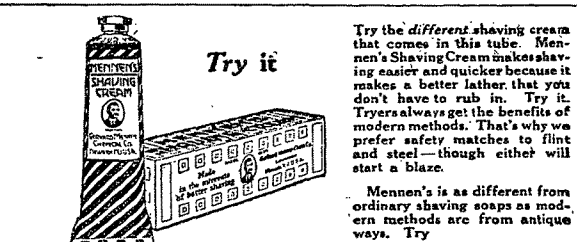
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The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

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FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1918.

WHEN AMERICA CAME IN

The list of 117 men of the 104th Infantry who were decorated with the *Croix de Guerre* for the fight they fought at Apremont Wood is fresh evidence of how infinite is the variety of that blend of peoples which we call America.

Read the list of names and see how many are the nations which have contributed to that New England regiment, true army of a democracy made up of the hopeful men and women who, consciously or unconsciously, came to our shores because ours was a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

French, Irish, Scotch, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Serbian, Lithuanian, Russian—all are here. And German. For we may guess that some of the names in this honor list point back through the generations to those Germans who, long ago, sailed heart-sick from the Fatherland because their revolution had failed and who now are sending their children and their children's children back across the seas to fight on the soil of invaded France the ugly Prussian tyranny they themselves had fled from Germany to escape.

John B. Desvalles, John H. Murphy, Max Levine, Fred D. Christiansen, Nicholas Waskiewicz, Richard M. Weiser, Arthur L. McDonald, Frank B. Amaral, William Penn, Ygnas Peredun, John Stefaniak, Egidio Donnison, Warren R. Proulx, Charles F. O'Leary, William F. Wruck, David A. Casagrande, Stanley Grezwacz, Lee P. T. Jacques—why, it reads like a roll call of the peoples of the world.

It was all the world that went to war with Germany when America came in.

THE ANSWER

A German statesman the other day, with the pointlessness of a man who has just discovered something, remarked: "We got through the British line and gain 25 miles of territory, and their answer is a man power." Bill taking men of 50 into the Army.

"How," he asked, "can we whip an enemy like that?"

He was discussing one of three powerful nations which German militarists had hoped, in one powerful blow, to crush. We should like to direct his attention to France.

From a hundred different sources comes the word this spring that the French Army never has been in finer fettle, that never has it shown the dash, the spirit, the irresistible will that it does now. French divisions go into the line, not only with enthusiasm, but with rejoicing—with a do or die spirit that is unconquerable. And it but symbolizes a nation that, after four years of war, talks not of defeat, but determinedly of victory.

How can Germany whip a nation like that?

After a year of preparation, the United States has a million and a half men drilled and equipped. She has her factories humming on munitions and her shipyards building 60,000 tons of ships a week.

How can Germany whip a nation like that?

How can Germany whip these three nations?

There is but one answer—and Germany herself will know it before many months have passed:

Germany can't.

YOUR PAPER BACK HOME

This paper of yours, soberly, modestly and literally, has made a big hit back home. It hasn't made its hit only because of its subject matter and get-up and style; it's made its hit largely because it's been your paper.

The folks at home are interested in everything that pertains to you, your work, your play, your chow, your clothes. The main, we might say the sole, reason why this paper of yours has made good with them is because it's stuck close to you. It proposes to stick just as close in future.

Big papers at home, with big things to take up their space, have laid themselves out to reproduce whole first pages of THE STARS AND STRIPES in full, with explanatory stories underneath. Little papers, to whom such a sacrifice of space means a mounting cost of white paper and a loss of advertising wherewithal, have done the same, regardless of expense. Never in the history of American journalism did a new paper, a young paper, a weekly paper published 3,000 and more miles away from the United States, get such publicity, such praise, from its contemporaries. And you are the ones responsible. We hope you're pleased.

Of the many pats-on-the-back we have received as your representatives, one specimen will suffice. It is from *The Editor and Publisher*, the foremost "newspaper man's paper" of the United States. It says: "THE STARS AND STRIPES is more American in tone and style than many

of our home newspapers, and it mirrors the spirit of the American Army."

We can ask for no more than that. We hope so to work from now on, for you and with you, that we shall continue to be worthy of that description.

ON BEING A BUCK

We quote the following from a "Doughboy's Dictionary" as published in *Judge*, of New York:

"BUCK PRIVATE—The poor devil who does all the work and gets the least pay."

Oh, dear! *Judge*, like so many of our well-meaning contemporaries back home, has got it all wrong.

"The poor devil!" Say not so. The buck private is the luckiest guy in the Army—the luckiest and the happiest.

Everything is done for him, everything planned out for him, everything issued to him when it can be got, every higher officer exists but to serve him and make his path easier and to take the worry and the fret and the planning off his shoulders.

In fact, the Army takes everything off his shoulders but his pack and his gun. "Who does all the work?" Wrong again; the buck goes to bed at taps, and—unless he is on guard or K. P.—has nothing on his mind but his hair until reveille.

The Loois, and the Skippers, and the Oak-leaves and the Eagles and the Stars know no taps. Their name is certainly not Eva-I-don't-care.

"And gets the least pay!" Yes, but what pay the buck does get, after all the deductions are made, is his. He isn't taxed \$300 or so for a new equipment when he joins; he doesn't have to buy a blooming Sam Browne belt or spurs or boots or insignia.

No, Sister *Judge*, you're wrong. The buck is the best off of the whole lot. He's got the only sure and steady job in the whole Army. He's the only man who can't be busted.

"And gets the least pay!" Yes, but what pay the buck does get, after all the deductions are made, is his. He isn't taxed \$300 or so for a new equipment when he joins; he doesn't have to buy a blooming Sam Browne belt or spurs or boots or insignia.

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The Listening Post

A BALLADE OF MATTERS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN

(Being an American version of M. Francois Villon's slangy ballade)

I'm not a pimp; I'm not a joe;
I'm on when cream is full of flies.
And by their clothes I always know
A lot about these dressy guys.
I know black clouds from sunny skies;
I know a dead one from a pop;
I know the phony from the prize—
But to myself I am not hep.

I'm jerry to the fashions, bo;
I make the clerics by their ties;
I know the high birds from the low,
And cherry tarts from apple pies.
I know the veggie and the Cys;
I know "Both gates!" and "Watch your step!"
I know the Bourbons from the ryes—
But to myself I am not hep.

I know the sunshine from the snow;
The truthful man from him who lies;
I know 16 from Double-O;
Ben Davises from Northern Spies.
I know some James who have some eyes;
I know the honey from the skep;
I know just how to balladee—
But to myself I am not hep.

L'INVOL
Prince, I am Jeremiah Wise;
Grab it from me, that is my rep;
Excepting only this revise:
But to myself I am not hep.

Speaking of soda fountains, there was the man who asked the soda clerk for a glass of plain soda, without flavor.

"Yes," said the clerk. "Without which flavor would you like it?"

"Oh," the customer replied, "I'll take it without strawberry."

The clerk looked among the syrup bottles. "Sorry," he said. "Can't do it. I can give it to you without vanilla."

TO MOTHER AMERICA FROM HER SON

Mother America, U.S.A.,
Western Hemisphere,
Dear Mother:

May 12 is Mother's Day, and the boys are all celebrating it by writing to their mothers. You are the only mother I have, and so I am writing to you.

I hear from you every day, as it is you who really blow reveille and taps, and give me all that comes between them; and I know you hear from me through the papers every day.

But there are things that you are not hearing about, things that you haven't room to print, such as how I feel.

Well, in a word, I feel great. It's great to be up in the front line, where none of us—

even those who already are at the front—spends more than about a quarter of his time.

It's great to be up there, with a real chance at the enemy, who usually isn't trying to harm me as much as he is you.

It's you he's after, mother dear, and it's you I think of—it's you all of your sons over here are thinking of—as we go over the top, or wishing it was our turn to. That is why we are doing our job as well as we are doing it—

which the French and the British tell us is pretty fair. The knowledge that you are there thinking and planning for us, with your wisdom and deep love, is what makes this whole game over here seem much easier. That is why it is so terribly white.

I see by the papers that you are well and happy. I'm doing my best to keep you well and sure to make you as happy as I can after the war, mother, you and I are going to be happier than we ever have been.

We are going to have a new kind of happiness—the earned kind, the broadest, biggest kind. It's a fine war that gives us that, even if it does keep me away for a while from your little old dinner table.

Not that we don't get good eats here. We do, and all we want. And the Salvation Army slips us doughnuts and pies—and such doughnuts and pies! Ma, you won't get mad if I say they're at least as good as yours. I'll say they are.

Well, mother, I am no hand at writing letters, so will close, hoping to see you soon—that is, soon after the war.

With all my love to you, dear mother,
From
Your loving son,
JOE W. DOUGHERTY.

P.S.—Remember me to all the girls.

Pay \$1,500,000 Yearly for Gas They Don't Get—*New York Evening World* headline.

Things sort of even up. Over here we get a lot of gas the Boche has to pay for.

A doughboy's notion of a Perfect Day: The war over, a box seat at the Polo Grounds next October, and General Pershing throwing out the first ball.

If Charlie Chaplin joins the Army, as the cibles say he is going to, the Q.M. will probably have to devise the issue cistern pie.

All of us have had our shot at stating America's war aims, but our favorite is the Kansas man who says, "Yes, but what good is your wealth, or your honor, or your position going to do if you are forced to say 'Wie geht's?' every morning?"

THE ACCENTED SYLLABLE

Bill's fighting for his country.
He tries to explain:
Lorraine is where he's fighting—
With the accent on the rain.

Another thing the Army is developing is the vicarious smoke. "Walter Garde of Hartford just sent you a lot of cigarettes through the mail," writes a doughboy. "You will be glad to know that I enjoyed every one of them."

In Portland, Oregon, the women have proposed that they shall censor vaudeville shows. As this is likely to shorten the shows and it will be too costly to hire extra performers to fill in the gaps, teams will probably just stand there silent for eight minutes, or for as long as it would take them to perform or talk the deleted parts.

And some rival vaudeville house will probably give a midnight performance, admission by card only, of nothing but the deleted parts of various acts.

THE INTREPID BARD

When shells are bursting around the front, I hate the old typewriting stunt.

And when the bullets whizz, why, then I find it hard to hold a pen.

I find it hard, in a shell-torn land, To hold a pencil in my hand.

In fact—there is no need to stall—I do not like to write at all.

There are duller things than war. Think, for instance, of being a traveling salesman in France and landing in one of these little burgs about three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon.

"I don't know what you could be a traveling salesman for," commented the soldier to whom the foregoing observation was made. "Unless it was for pitchforks."

The helmet worn by Rome's greatest general was more extreme than our caps.

It isn't possible that you are waiting to be told?

Oh, well, all right. It was over Caesar.

SPIRAL PUTTEES

—By WALLGREN

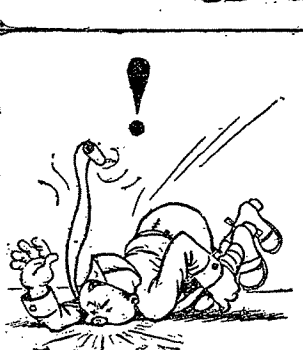
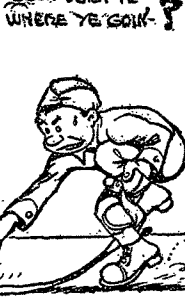
THESE WRAP LEGGINGS, IS GREAT—
IF YOU PUT 'EM ON RIGHT—



I NEVER TRIED 'EM
BEFORE, BUT I—?



GOSH DUCK YE—
WHERE YE GOIN'?



THE WHY OF REPLACEMENTS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: The gentlemen of the General Staff at G.H.Q. have their little troubles, too. In fact, it's a fair guess that they have rather more than their share.

The top sergeant in the line has to keep the boys in the company lined up and feeling good, and the captain in the line has to keep the non-coms on the job, and the major worries all night about his captains and lieutenants.

But the men at G.H.Q. have the whole A.E.F. on their minds to worry about; and so far as statistics show, that's about the biggest job that Americans have tackled since Abraham Lincoln steered a straight course through our four worst years.

One of the toughest organization problems which G.H.Q. has to face, and one which is just now coming in for considerable talk throughout the A.E.F., is the working of the replacement system. The situation is this:

Capt. B. has a crack company somewhere in the line, and the boys are all pulling together in a big-league nine. Maybe they were originally a National Guard company all from the same little town, and the bunch all know one another and hang together like a college frat or a gas-house gang. It would break Capt. B.'s heart to lose any single one of them; and a vacant place at the mess table would show up just like the vacant chair around the old fireplace at the old homestead.

Now one day there is a little party somewhere along the line, and some of the boys of Co. X take their gas masks off a little too soon, or indelicately step in front of one of Fritz's shrapnel shells. So Bill and Fred and Joe and half a dozen others have to go to the hospital for repairs and alterations.

And right here is where the replacement system comes in. The very next week after Bill and Fred and the other boys are "evacuated to the rear," as the official order puts it, Co. X may have some very important business to transact with the Kaiser. No one can tell in advance how long the boys are going to be gone, and the company must be kept up to fighting strength. The vacant places have to be filled, and filled "foot sweet."

The replacement system gets in its work, and sends up some Total Strangers from the base replacement depot.

It is especially important to get the non-commissioned officers and sergeants and these are taken care of one-third by promotions from the unit (so as to give the other members of the company a chance), and two-thirds by replacements. This follows the figures which the experience of the French and British has shown works out about right.

One Who Knows.

FROM A BELGIAN SOLDIER

THE ARMY'S POETS

"LITTLE MOTHER"

I am writing this little poem
To the mother I left behind,
And it tells of my longing for her
Over here in the daily grind.

I am often alone and lonely
On a post out in No Man's Land,
But my thoughts they go floating homeward
To my mother in dreams so grand.

I dream of you again, dear mother,
As you bade me that last goodbye,
And I marched, a proud Yankee soldier,
For my country to do or die.

Countless days have passed since we parted,
Weary days of hard toil and pain,
But my visions of you have cheered me
As I fancy your face again.

How I long for your smiles of gladness
That are haunting my memory still,
And the love in your eyes beseeching
Even now makes my pulses thrill.

How you held me with hands so gentle,
Closely pressed to your throbbing breast;
In that last fond embrace I promised
To live true through the crucial test.

The caress of your hair, soft silver,
On my cheek how I faint would feel,
And from lips that are set in a smile
A sweet kiss I would like to steal.

Little mother, for you there's burning
A deep love that will never die,
Spurring me on to the fight before us
Where the Angel of Death doth fly.

Oh, if I met that only in Heaven,
I would meet you again, mother, dear,
But it matters not what befalls me—
The bright star of your love shines clear.

R. C. KYLE.

REVEILLE

Get up, get up, you sleepy head,
And drop your yawn and yodel,
Get up, get up, get out of bed,
You're in the Army now.

Get up, get up, you carter beast,
Get up and dig for chow;
It doesn't matter what you think,
You're in the Army now.

Get up and powder, rouge and curl
And dress—no matter how—
But don't be late for reveille,
You're in the Army now.

THE SWEETEST SONG

Across the wide, stern, troubled sea,
The woodland thrush sings long for me:
Along the road, upon the hill,
The woodland echoes answer shrill.
But I hear not the thrush's tone,
Abiding here in France, alone.

Afar from the whip-poor-will
Sings out his brave, querulous thrill:
But here in France I do not hear
The night bird's shrill and clear.
Nor hear the tall pines in reply
Give such a deep, toned, weighty sigh.

But oft in dreams I catch a note
Escaping from some sweetened throat,
And be it robin, lark, or wren,
From open field or forest den,
I know the music is a strain
That comes to me from home again.

It is not bird-song, that alone,
With such true accent and rich tone,
That comes across the troubled sea
To find a resting place in me:
But Mother's song afar away,
Just playing for her boys today.

—Sgt. ERNEST SCHULTZ, Engrs.

A KICK

Oh, you at the front in the fighting line,
Taking the one great chance,
Crouched in your trenches grimly,
Watching the foe seen dimly,
Through the battle fog of France:
Easy as not, though it seems our lot
Is an easy one indeed,
For we must work, and we dare not
shirk.

Let's you lack the stuff you need.
You'll fight, and you'll die, if need be,
Gaily, with no regret,
And you'll be the glory
To live in song and story.
As we've men's deeds did ye,
And we'll cheer, we of the rear,
When your brave fight is won—
You shall not lack, when we all get back,
Our praise for the work you've done.

But we've only one thing to ask you,
Mostly the one request—
When you roll of battles gory,
Where you all won fame and glory,
Tell them we did our best.
It's not our choice, and we have no voice
In the orders that keep us here;
We'd rather fight, and it's no delight
To stay and work in the rear.

But war is war, and there must be
Someone to stay and do
The work unsung, unheeded,
Shipping the stuff so needed
To help the fighters through.
We're men like you, red-blooded, too,
And it's tough to have no chance
To fight like hell, or die as well,
As the lads at the front in France.

Corp. F. B. CURRAN, Co. G, — Engrs.

PARODIES

"My Little Girl"

Old U.S.A., of you I'm dreaming,
And I long for you each day,
The clear bright lights,
I see them gleaming,
The they're many miles away,
I see the States across the ocean,
Where we promised to be true,
Old U.S.A., for you were fighting,
And we're going back to you.

"Don't Bile the Band That's
Feeding You"

If you don't like the privates in your outfit,
Don't try to grab everything they do,
Cause they're here to help you, and you are,
And the days might not be far
When they will be over you.
If you don't like the K.P. work they're
doing,
If you don't like the way they clean the
rooms,
Why, never try to dog a private,
Cause he's a man as well as you.

Corp. MARTIN P. SHEEHAN, Aero
Squadron.

ODE TO A BATH TUB

In days gone by in civil life
We all were bright and gay,
And all of us could get a bath
At any time of day.

But now we're in the trenches
And the weather's pretty cold,
And water for a real good wash
Is worth its weight in gold.

Not only are we dirty
And don't address at night,
But we get our flesh to bleaching
When we scratch where coolies bite.

If we find a spot that's sunny
In this land of rainy France,
The first things that we boys remove
Are blouses, shirts and pants.

And when the other things are off
We rub ourselves with soap,
And put the first things on again,
And hope and hope and hope.

We hope we won't be chilly,
That the itch will stop as well,
And that the Kaiser and his gang
Will all be shot to hell.

For we want this war to finish
So we'll have the aftermath,
Of spending Sunday mornings
In a good old U.S. bath.

P. G. WHITFIELD,
Battery E, — F.A.

TAKEN FROM THE HUN



[Photographed by S.C., A.B.F.]

Rear view of liquid fire throwers, operated by means of a hose and nozzle attached to the portable tank

FABLE OF THE DAME WHO MEANT REAL WELL

But Even the Stoutest Heart Must Quail When Sister Susie Starts Singing Songs for Soldiers

A certain Dame desired to take a
Jaunt to the Cantonment in which her
Devoted Brother (Class 1) was confined.
A Cantonment is a Place in which the
Government incarcerates Young Men
for the Crime of being Somewhere be-
tween the Ages of Twenty-one and
Thirty-one and in Reasonably Good
Health.

The Devoted Brother, having enjoyed the
Privileges of a Human Being for
some Twenty-three Summers, and being
a Perfect Physical Specimen except for
a Cerise Dome (which Defect is no
Ground for Exemption) was in the Can-
tonment, building his Body up on Beans
as to be Able to Live under the same
Conditions as an Uncovered Gas Main
during a continuous Fourth of July
Fireworks celebration.

The Dame Got a Hunch that it would
be Awfully Nice to Do Her Bit by
Singing to the Boys and helping them
order their Dull Hours. So One Sun-
pass away the little Damsel about
out of its comfortable little Home in the
Backyard and Argued it into taking
Her to the Cantonment.

The Public Buildings
The Devoted Brother, dressed in a
Biffoos looking suit of Clothes, techni-
cally known as "Blouse and Trousers
O.D. (Service)," met her and dragged
her around the City, directing her
Lamps towards the Public Buildings (in-
cluding the Mess Hall, Headquarters,
Y.M.C.A. Shack and the Guardhouse).

She wanted to take a Stunt at the
Firing Line, but the only line at Home
that Day was the one on which the
Weekly Wash was performing Difficult
Acrobatic Stunts in the Breeze.

The Devoted Brother pointed out to
her a Gang of K.P.s mutilating some
Innocent Spuds. A K.P. is a Buck Pri-
vate who hath forgotten that he hath
no Rights, and is therefore deprived of
even those which he hath, and Spuds
are Things which K.P.s always Peel. In
order that there shall be no Waste, the
Spuds are eaten by the Soldiers after
the K.P.s have no further Use for them.

"But," said the Baby Doll, "I want
to do something to amuse the Boys."

So the Devoted Brother steered her
to the Y.M.C.A. Hut.

The Y.M.C.A. is an Organization
which tries to make Soldiers Happy
and which, for some Strange Reason,
is allowed by the Army to pursue that
Business.

Inside this Y.M.C.A. Hut were sev-
eral Young Men Hanging over a Piano,

singing Popular Songs and Having a
Hell of a Good Time.

But the Dame wanted to amuse them
and Help them While away the Heavy
Time, so they Reluctantly Gave Up the
Piano Stool to Her and she sat down
and let her Lily White Fingers Fondele
the Triggers of the Musical Battery and
Released her Sweet Breath in the
Strains of "Mother Machree," "Just a
wearyin' for You," and Other Touching
Ballads.

But her Larynx was Deformed. Her
Windpipe was Twisted. Her Tonsils
Clogged up her Throat. In other words,
she Had no Voice. But Otherwise She
was a Good Singer.

The Young Men were Nice Fellows.
They had been trained to Endure Hard-
ships. And she watched them closely.
So only a Few Escaped.

How He Knew

When she Finished "A Perfect Day,"
one of the Young Men said: "That is a
Pretty Song."

"Oh," said the Dame Cushingly, "Do
you think so? Have you ever Heard it
Before?"

"Yes," said the Young Man, "that's
How I know it's pretty."

The Devoted Brother was somewhat
peevish. The Dame did not seem at all
Pleased. So she arose, and picking up
her Grey Snede Gloves, said: "I must
be going."

"Just is the right word," said the
Young Man without a smile.

The Red Hair of the Devoted Brother
Jumped up and down upon his Dome
like the Tongues of Flame on a Burn-
ing Log.

The Young Man was getting
Himself disliked. But the Dame con-
trolled Herself and started toward the
Door.

This Way Out
"Can I get out this way?" she asked
as Sweetly as Possible.

"I hope so," said the Unkind Young
Man.

This was the last piece of Aloofa.
There was a streak of Crimson across
the Room, a few Terrible Sounds, sev-
eral Blood-curdling Cries, two or three
Dull, Sickening Thuds, a Woman's
Scream and the Heavy Tread of an
M.P.

The Devoted Brother and the Young
Man are now peeling Spuds.

Moral:—If you are drafted, have
Red Hair and are Devoted to a Sister
who cannot Sing, do not let her Amuse
the Boys unless you are Very Fond of
Domestic Duties.

P. A. M., Jr.

YANKEE CHAPLAIN
PLAYS "I SPY" GAMEMystery of Lighted Belfry
Solved Even if Boche
Didn't Light It

There are spy hunts and spy hunts.
And there are mare's nests and mare's
nests. Thereby hangs a tale.

The chaplain of a certain artillery reg-
iment—he is well known in the Army—
believes, and rightly, in living well. He
is like the friar or orders grey who
chants:

"What bishop or squire or knight of
the shire
Lives half so well as the holy friar?"

Also, he takes seriously the first part
of the scriptural injunction to "Watch
and pray." Consequently, when he is not
"praying to beat hell" (as most chap-
lains are between times) he is out
watching—watching for spies.

Word came to him that lights had been
seen flashing at night from the steeple
of a church in the town where he was
quartered behind the lines. It was point-
ed out to him, that, though the town was
shelled daily, no shell ever hit the church.

Thereupon the padre, of course, de-
cided to ambush the signaler, if there
was one. But just before setting forth
that evening, he reflected that the Earl
of Verulam did not say—that might well
have said—that good eating maketh a
full man.

"Jerry," he said to his orderly, "I
see a lot of fat pigeons around here.
I wonder if you could buy us enough for
a pot pie tomorrow."

Jerry saluted and walked off. The
padre girt himself with a web belt and
pistol in lieu of the conventional rope
and beads, climbed the ladder into the
church tower, squeezed his ample and
genial self into a dark corner, and wait-
ed. The church in the old tower had
long since been put hors de combat, but
the chaplain's wrist watch showed it
was after 10 o'clock.

His limbs, furthermore, told him he
had been waiting some hours when he
heard cautious steps on the ladder. He
gripped his pistol as the trapper swung
open. He held his breath as a dim figure
climbed through.

For a moment it didn't move. Then
came a sudden beam of light. Ah, he
thought the Good Man, he is signalling
to the Boche!

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any soldier applying for it.

TOO YOUNG TO FIGHT,
WANTS TO BE MASCOTJoe McGillicuddy, Relative
of Connie Mack, Sends
Appeal to Marines

Joseph B. McGillicuddy, nine years
old, believes that an American boy
would make a better mascot for a reg-
iment of leathernecks than a dog or a
goat. Here is Joe's argument in his own
favor, seconded by Corp. Francis G.
Burns of a certain U.S.M.C. regiment
in the A.E.F., who writes:

"Back home in the good old U.S.A.,
there seems to be no age limit to patri-
otism, as, judging from a letter I re-
ceived from a little boy neighbor of
mine, Joseph B. McGillicuddy, nine
years old, of 1 Corbett Road, Rox-
bury, Mass., the boys of the nation are
as eager to do their parts as their big
brothers.

"Joseph told me in his letter that he
desired to become mascot for the Mar-
ine Corps and go over the top with
them and the rest of the boys in their
division.

"I have spoken to Sergeant Howell,
at the recruiting station, every day on
my way to school, but I can not get
him to make me the mascot. The Army
and the Marines should have a mascot,
and I'm the boy for the job with the
Marines' declared the youthful enemy
of the Kaiser. 'I'd like to kill some of
those wicked Germans myself. Anyway,
I think that a little boy like me would
make a better mascot than a dog or a
goat. I want to go to France. Gee, you
must have a great racket over there.'"

None of the arguments used by the
young lad in his letter was that he was
related to Connie Mack of the Athletics.
He asserted that a regiment of
Marines needed a mascot much more
than only a team of ball players."

ONLY THING TO DO

George Washington Jones, late of
Atlanta, was making his first trip
frontward on a supply wagon—
with not much farther to go—when,
from the side of the road, a camou-
flaged American battery broke forth
thunderously, sending a few 300-
pound tokens over the line to Fritz.
The ground trembled from the sal-
vo, but not any more than George
as he jumped from his high seat to
the road.

The American artillery officer in
charge of the battery crossed over
to the road.

"Scared?" he demanded.

"Well," said George, "Ah was
slightly agitated at first. Ah sut-
tlingly was. But keep right on.
Dat's de only way to win dis wah—
flah dem guns."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

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Mr. F. Fulton, our most celebrated pa-
cifists—pardon us, the typewriter
slipped, of course we meant pugilists—
say that their respective champs were
never in better physical condition in
their lives. So, having that worry off
their minds, we can expect to see Jess
and Fred with the A.E.F. 'most any
day now.

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A year ago in early May
We grabbed the sporting news to read
Results of games of yesterday
And saw—"The Giants Lead."

OLD FAMILIAR NAMES FILL CLUBS' ROSTER

But Many Changes Are to
Be Noted Inside Both
Big Leagues

VETS CLINGING TO GAME

Complete Lineups Show Results
of Busy Winter's Trading
Back Home

The most noticeable feature in the big league lineups of today is that, while most of the names are familiar, a large share of them appear in the roster of clubs with which fans have not in the past been in the habit of associating them.

A glance at the lineups given below shows that while Alexander, Paskert and a host of old timers are still in the game—or were until Alexander dropped out to join the real major league of the bunch, the one we're in just now—they are not having their uniforms issued to them by the same baseball Q.M. as before.

The following list is a complete roster of both the big leagues:

NATIONAL LEAGUE	
New York	Philadelphia
Burns, 1 f.	Baneroff, ss.
Whitcomb, 2 b.	McGinnis, 2 b.
Thorne, r. f.	Stock, 3 b.
O'Rourke, c. f.	Crane, c. f.
Zimmerman, 3 b.	Ludwig, 1 b.
Doyle, 2 b.	Whitell, 1 f.
Holke, 1 b.	Mussel, c. f.
Fletcher, ss.	Adams, 1 b.
McCarthy, 1 b.	Oeschger, 1 b.
Gibson, c.	Watson, 1 b.
Barnes, p.	Pendergast, p.
Schupp, p.	St. Louis
Anderson, 1 b.	Reese, 2 b.
Donner, 1 b.	Smith, c. f.
Benion, 1 b.	Pauley, 1 b.
Chicago	Crane, c. f.
Hollister, 1 b.	Baird or Niehoff, 3 b.
Kilduff or Flack, 2 b.	Headlee, r. f.
Mann, r. f.	Gonzales, c. f.
Paskert, c. f.	Shorrel, 1 b.
Merkle, 1 b.	May, p. Packard
Deal, 3 b.	Killinger, Daily, c.
Killinger, Daily, c.	Alexander, Hendrix, p.
Alexander, Hendrix, p.	Clatter, Williams, 1 b.
Seaton, p.	Brooklyn
Olson, ss.	Lee, 2 b.
O'Brien, 1 b.	Roush, c. f.
Daubert, 1 b.	Griffith, r. f.
Myers, c. f.	St. Louis
Mitchell, 1 f.	Blackburn, ss.
Hammond, 2 b.	Allen, 1 b.
O'Rourke, 1 f.	Smith, c. f.
Miller or Kruger, c.	Schneider, Reuther, c.
Coombes, 1 b.	Brassfield, 1 b.
Cheney, 1 b.	Kline, Foster, c.
Middle, Margu, 1 b.	Levy, p.
Pittsburgh	Massie, 1 f.
Caton, ss.	Goff, Powell, c. f.
Melwitz, 1 b.	Wickard, r. f.
Caray, c. f.	Konchey, 1 b.
Stengel, 1 b.	Smith, 3 b.
Cutshaw, 2 b.	Higgins, ss.
King, c. f.	Hertz or Conway, 2 b.
McKee, 3 b.	Schmidt, Blackwell, A. Wilson, Henry, Shaw, c. f.
Steele, Ham, 1 b.	Neale, Radolph, 1 b.
Ilton, Carlson, 1 b.	Reid, Conaway, 1 b.
Cooper, Harmon, p.	Hughes, Crum, p.
AMERICAN LEAGUE	
Boston	Detroit
Hooper, r. f.	Brown, 1 b.
Shean, 2 b.	Russ, ss.
Smith, c. f.	Cobb, c. f.
Whitman, 1 f.	Veach, 1 f.
McInnis, 3 b.	Hellmuth, r. f.
Holitzel, 1 b.	Vitt, 2 b.
Scott, ss.	Young, 2 b.
Agnew, Schaling, Spencer, Stanage, Mayer, c.	Yelle, c.
Ruth, Leonard, Mitchell, Fineman, McCabe, 1 b.	Harmon, 1 b.
Bush, Wyckoff, Erickson, C. Jones, Nayer, p.	Roland, Cunningham, Ham, James, p.
Chicago	Cleveland
Murphy, c. f.	Graney, 1 f.
McMullin, 1 b.	Chapman, ss.
Collins, 2 b.	Sneaker, c. f.
Jackson, 1 f.	Smith, 1 b.
Smith, c. f.	Wambaus, 2 b.
Griffith, 1 b.	Kavanaugh, 1 b.
Riseberg or Weaver, ss.	Getz, 3 b.
Schalk, Lees, Lynn, 1 b.	O'Neill, Billings, c.
Cleto, Robertson, Goleoski, Morton, Faber, Williams, Lumbard, Groom, Russell, Scott, 1 b.	Kinnaman, p.
Washington	St. Louis
Shotton, r. f.	E. Smith, 1 f.
Foster, 3 b.	Maise, 2 b.
Milan, c. f.	Sisler, 1 b.
Shanks, 1 f.	Hendry, c. f.
Judge, 1 b.	Geddon, 2 b.
Morgan, 2 b.	Geyer, ss.
Levan, ss.	Beckwith or Tobin, r. f.
Almsmith or Ghar, r. f.	Nunamaker, c.
Johnson, Ayres, 1 b.	Lowmire, 1 b.
Harper, Dumont, 1 b.	Kor, Italia, Bordwin, Davenport, p.
Altrack, p.	Philadelphia
Gilhooley, r. f.	Kopp, 1 f.
Miller, c. f.	James, r. f.
Pratt, 2 b.	Gardner, 2 b.
Pipp, 1 b.	Barnes, 1 b.
Baker, 3 b.	Walker, c. f.
Bodie, 1 f.	May or Perkins, c.
Peckinpaugh, ss.	Davidson, 2 b.
Walters or Ruel, c.	Dugan, ss.
Love, Mogridge, 1 b.	Goetz, c. f.
Calwell, Metcalf, 1 b.	Goetz, c. f.
Russell, Thomah, 1 b.	Adams, 1 b.
Len, p.	Gregg, p.

RESULTS IN PARIS LEAGUE

M. P. 7: Red Cross, 2; S.S.U. 69, 19; A.R.C. Hospital, 0; Aviation Tech., 13; Hotel Pavillon, 10.

Base Cannon, 3; Aviation Hqs., 1; Motor Mechanics, 6; Marines, 2; Repair Shops, 5; Motor Mechanics, 3; Inspection S.C., 7; Disbursing Office, 4.

Aviation Athletics, 10; Aviation Hqs., 9; Engineers Purchasing, 1; Engineers, 0.

Bosquet, 9; S.S.U. 650, 8; Ordnance, 5; Searchlight, 4.

WHEAT SIGNS WITH DODGERS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 9.—Zack Wheat, Brooklyn outfielder, has finally come to terms with the Dodger management and has signed up for the year. Brooklyn fans are relieved, as Wheat was badly needed to bolster up the outfield.

EASTERN FIXES PRICES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 9.—The Eastern league has fixed its admission price at 30 cents for this season. At the same time it issued a statement in which it earnestly protested that the price is no indication of the quality of baseball to be played out to the fans.

COME ON, MATTY

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, May 9.—Cincinnati baseball fans are all worked up because of the rumor that Christy Mathewson, better known as "Big Six," has decided to go over to France and join the American forces.

Matty probably figures that his "fadeaway" would prove of great value in the throwing of hand grenades. Baseball philosophers are considerably wrought up by the rumor and hundreds of thousands of words are being written daily as to whether Christy will go abroad or remain at Cincinnati and uphold the national pastime.

"Big Six" is evidently up against it on the checker end, too; but it would be fine if he could land in the Kaiser's king row.

TAPLOW CANADIANS TRIM LONDON YANKS

A.E.F. Team Snowed Under
by England's Two Year
Champions

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

LONDON, May 9.—The baseball season in England bunched Saturday in a game at Swansea before 5,000 soldiers and ladies, the London A.E.F. team and the Taplow Canadians, champions of England for two seasons, playing. The ten smells a lot too sweet for the Yanks. Ten of its effluent petals are Canuck scores. The A.E.F. got away with three.

The result demonstrates the value of an effective barrage of preparation. The Eskimo neighbors bombed their way to seven runs in the first push, then were held until the seventh, when they got another, making the final two in the ninth. The Yanks bayoneted their three in the fourth, fifth and seventh innings. An American headliner, a comic, issued today admits the defeat, but wishes to point out that the Canucks had tactical superiority in being organized before the A.E.F. landed in Europe. Two U. S. Navy men were pressed into service to strengthen the American line.

"The next time," said Lieutenant Mims, captain and second baseman, "we'll be fit and ready. This game was only a certain raiser for our season."

The London League formally opens on May 18 at Chelsea grounds with a game between the A.E.F. base section and the U. S. Navy. All receipts go to the British Red Cross Society. The heavy return at Swansea Saturday go to the British Prisoners of War Fund.

After the game, the Lord Mayor of Swansea, flanked by the French and American Consuls, gave a Hooverized banquet to the Canucks and Yanks. After the boys were sure to and overmuch patted on the back. The expert commentator says of Saturday's game:

"The opening disaster started with two men walking, followed by a hot grounder that struck a little hillock in front of the crack shortstop, Hays, late of the Brooklyn Nationals, ricocheting high over his head. Two runs. An easy pop up in left field couldn't have been better placed for the fielder if it hadn't been for the sun, which suddenly came from behind a cloud and blinded him. A homer—two runs. Another man walked. A sacrifice hit died at the listening post, then a double banger that cleaned the bases. Three runs, two struck out. Total, 7 runs. The Yanks made 13 hits to the Canadians' 6, three errors to the Canadians' 5. The Americans would have won if they had not wandered in the first."

The A.E.F. line up: Whitlock, A.S.; 1b, J. Mims, Q.M.C.; 2b, Villies; U.S.N.; 3b, Hays, Consular Service, ss; Williams, A.S.; p, Moelmann, A.S.; c, Boyle, A.F.C.; rf, Dringer, Q.M.C.; cf, Maender, A.S.; lf.

STAR SHELLS

ARMY YELLS

Sir: As a proud member of the terrible Tank Corps, I submit, with the usuals to the famous Pinafore librettist, the following as our Army Yell. Tune, "We Sail the Ocean Blue":

O, we roll upon the green
And our toppy tank's a hummer;
We're sober men and keen,
And we never need a plumber;

We roll, we roll on mountain side
Our tank is spick and spanny;
We're out to tan the Kaiser's hide
And cap the Kaiser's nanny.

Thassa good idee, Jay Bee, and since you Star Shells scrie is connected in a vague and distant manner with the Kutermaster Korps, he introduces the three Keweenaw Kids, who will chant the Keweenaw Army Yell to the Pinafore tune of "Never Mind the Why and Wherefore":

The Sgt. Who Runs the Commissary:
Never mind the why and wherefore,
Don't be handin' me hot air, for
I have soldered on the border—
I have shot the mucky Mex.
If I ain't got what you order,
You can all pull in your necks.

Chorus
Out of cigarettes completely,
Let the air with anguish ring
While we tell the doughboy sweetly:
"Damn it! Out of everything!"

The Corp. Who Runs the Mess:
Never mind the why and wherefore,
Bullets level ranks and therefore,
Though I slip you lots of slumny,
There's one thing I'll allow:
You will have a cast-iron tummy
When you're humped with Army chow!

Chorus
Blow the bloom'n' bugle, Billy,
Send the air with reveille
Hip, hurrah, for cold tin Willie
Cannuraged as Oolong Tea!

The Pvt. Who Runs Everything:
Never mind the why and wherefore,
Privates never have a care, for
When we're summoned to courts martial
For absence without leave,
No judge advocates impartial
Rip the chevrons from our sleeve.

Chorus
Mess kids tintinabulating,
Picks and shovels cooly clink;
Ah, so humble is our rating
That no lower can we sink!

REAL ARMY STUNTS IN BIG CORPS MEET

Military Events Alongside
Old Cinder-Path
Classics

CARPENTIER STAGES SHOW

Yankee Officer Beats Three Man
Relay in Special Mile
Run

Could you run a quarter of a mile in heavy marching order in one minute, 12 and two-tenths seconds? Could you take a 37 millimeter gun to pieces, put it together again so that it would work, and then carry it to another station, ready for business, in one minute and 18 seconds? Could you run 15 yards, remove your gas mask and unsling your rifle, run another 15 yards and take off your side arms, run another 15 yards and take off your blouse, another 15 yards and take off your shoes, then go back and put them all on again, in one minute and 58 seconds?

No? Then you should have been there. For all these miracles, and much more to make a perfect day, were performed in the presence of enough witnesses to prove them ten times over at the recent field day corps of the Depot Division of the — Corps, A.E.F. On top of it all Georges Carpentier, the only Frenchman a lot of Yanks had ever heard of before he left the States—not counting Napoleon Lajoie—was there to give a little exhibition on his own account.

The big event of the day was the race between Johnny Overton of Yale—that is, Second Lieut. J. W. Overton, U.S.M.C.—and a three-man relay. Johnny—that is the Lieutenant—won by a respectable margin, meaning that the judges didn't have to use a microphone to hear who broke the tape first. Unfortunately the time was not taken, since the Lieutenant carried the stop watch around with him so that he could figure just how much time to give the relay.

There were scores of French and American guests of note, and some of the contestants didn't have to join the Army to become famous. A few Frenchmen took part in the events. As if the field meet wasn't enough, the committee added a juggle exhibition and a three-hand concert.

The individual stars were O. M. Anderson, R. Bates and T. Steele, each of whom secured ten points. Money prizes and medals were awarded the winners and placers. Summary:

100 yard dash—First, O. M. Anderson; second, W. Mortimer; third, H. R. Finn. Time, 12 seconds.

One mile run—First, E. S. Steele; second, P. Hannah; third, E. Hay. Time, 3:41 2-5.

Equipment race—First, Dan Hanson, second, C. J. Williams; third, C. Christensen. Time, 1:58.

Three-legged race—First, McGowan and Olsen; second, Blanchard and Desrosiers; third, Horn and Griffin. Time, 7:35 seconds (course 50 yards).

Bayonet pointing contest—First, Wheeler, six points; second, Lignett, six points; third, Barren, five points. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

Potato race—First, H. Boyd; second, F. Staples; third, H. Hill. Time, 4:5 2-5 seconds.

Obstacle race—First, R. Bates; second, O. B. Anderson; third, Schlichting. Time, 1:57.

140 yard run—First, C. Ray; second, Gormley; third, De Bureau. Time, 1:07 2-5.

100 m. gun contest—First, Sergeant Cleveland's team; second, Sergeant Cameron's team; third, Sergeant Taylor's team. Time, 1:18.

SSU yard run—First, E. Steele, second, F. Hannah; third, J. F. Cover. Time, 2:20.

One mile relay—First, Anderson, Steele, Baker, Olsen; second, Smith, Bates, Mortimer. Price, Time, 4:45.

Broad jump—First, R. Crook; second, W. J. Sullivan; third, M. M. Maughan.

High jump—First, M. H. Hamblen; second, A. H. Roberts; third, Izumina. Height, 5 ft. 3 in.

Shot put—First, McGowan; second, O. Cobner; third, Durham. Distance, 42 ft. 9 in.

Grenade throwing contest—First, C. J. Calhoun, 17 points; second, Mylver, 13 points; third, F. P. Campbell, 12 points.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 9.—The naval strategists commanding the United States Battleship Recruit, which is even now (as it was last fall) riding the mountain-high sand waves of Union Square, New York, and escaping miraculously from being drawn into the seething cross and counter currents of Broadway and Fourteenth Street—these same naval strategists gave a refined slugging party on board the good ship, with Mike Leonard as referee. Not only did they give the party; they staged it amid the loud applause of eminent citizens and numerous ladies of great pulchritude.

Al McCoy, former middleweight champion, and Harry Greb, of Pittsburgh, were the protagonists in the nautical squared circle fray, and provided a tasty four round set-to that shivered the ship's timbers and produced genuine blood without, however, the actual murder upon which New York, in its pagan bloodthirstiness, votes so lovingly.

JOIE RAY MEETS DEFEAT

Joie Ray, the great middle distance runner, has finally been defeated. In the Central A.A.U. half mile event held at the Great Lakes Training station, Tom Campbell of the University High of Chicago won over Ray in one of the greatest races seen in the States in years.

It was a case of a novice against an experienced runner. Campbell realized he was up against a tough game and took the lead at the crack of the pistol and set a fast pace. Ray was content to remain behind, figuring that Campbell would back up. On the second lap Ray came up to even terms with Campbell and the pair raced along at breakneck speed. Campbell again took the lead and Ray was unable to make up the advantage gained by this split.

Campbell set a new Central A.A.U. mark, 1:57 3-5.

GOOD BOUTS STAGED IN BASE SECTION 2

Burns-Danna Clash Head-
liner on Bill—Sailor
Wants Match

A stage setting for real championship bouts, with a flavor of old days of fights to a finish and a referee's decision, received its christening at Base Section No. 2 at the Frankie Burns-Joe Danna clash. The bout ended when Burns stopped his opponent in the fifth round and took over the title for that particular region of France. Burns is well known on the Pacific Coast, and Danna is an experienced welterweight from New York.

In the final round Burns sent his heavier opponent completely through the ropes three times before the referee intervened. Intermingled at the ringside with many prominent French and American officers were scores of beautiful French women, whose stunning evening gowns gave resemblance to a night at the opera in the States. Many United States Naval officers occupied ringside seats.

Before the main event, Battle of Manhattan, New York lightweight, how a cavalryman, was introduced, Mickey O'Donnell, sailor champion, also was introduced, and challenged anyone in France his weight to any number of rounds.

When the preliminary bout was called, Lieutenant Dick Cameron, Chief Boat-swin's Mate, U.S.N., introduced Red Smith, 127 rounds, of the — Infantry, and Kid Barabana, 120 pounds, of the — Cavalry, who went four fast rounds. Smith had a slight advantage through added weight and reach.

Principals in the six round semi-winter were Spike Kady, of Syracuse, N.Y., and Carl Zetberg, of Detroit, Mich., rugged middleweights, both of the — Engineers. Zetberg won by a shade.

Shows are held about every two weeks. Other boxers whose cards are advanced with the same A.P.O. address include Burns, Frank McGuire of Pittsburgh, Mantell, O'Donnell, Young Sharkey of Oakland, Cal., Bill Gumbard of San Francisco, George Willard of Chicago, Charles Remy of Milwaukee, Charlie Kopf of San Francisco, Carl Anderson of Elkhart, Mike Dupon of Syracuse, Kid Knottel of Long Island, and Charlie Pechette of New York. A relative of Champion Benny Leonard also is on the spot.

These bouts are under the management of the officers of the — Engineers, and all proceeds go to the fighters. Seats are sold as high as ten francs apiece, it is profitable from the boxer's standpoint, and no difficulty is experienced in arranging attractive programs.

The \$50,000 suit of Players Pratt and Lavan against Owner Ball of the St. Louis Browns, has been withdrawn, having been settled out of court.

Arle Latham, former clown of the baseball world, has been chosen president of the proposed baseball league which is to be formed in England.

J. COQUILLOT BOOT MAKER

Trench Boots, Riding Boots,
Puttees and Aviators' Needs
FURNISHER TO SAUMUR.
75 Ave. des Champs-Elysees, PARIS.

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Plans, Guides & Aeronautic Maps
FOR
American Officers and Soldiers
CAMPBELL'S MAP STORE
(Librairie des Cartes Campbell)
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Standard-Bearers of America!

You have come to the Home of

Perrier

The Champagne of Table Waters.

Delicious with lemon, sirops,
etc., and a perfect combination
with the light wines of France.

DRINK
IT
TO-DAY

PARIS, 36 bis Boulevard Haussmann

TWO TWO-MILE MARKS BROKEN BY STUDENTS

Intercollegiate and Inter-
scholastic Records
Lowered

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, May 9.—Two records for the two-mile run were broken in track meets this week. Ivan Dresser, of Cornell, got over the distance in 9 minutes, 22 2-5 seconds, bettering the previous intercollegiate time. Allan Swede, the Mercersburg Academy crack, set a new interscholastic mark for the same distance, making the long circuit in 9 minutes, 51 2-5 seconds.

Dresser made his spectacular run in the dual meet of Cornell and Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Ithaca. He finished 200 yards ahead of Half-acre. Cornell won the meet, 82 to 44.

Swede run in the interscholastic meet at Philadelphia and won the Middle Atlantic States interscholastic title. At New Brunswick, Rutgers College beat the New York University track team, 61 to 41.

Yale lost two oarsmen this week, Robinson, No. 1, and Weir, bow. Both have been given commissions in the Army.

LEW TENDLER WINS AGAIN

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, May 9.—Lew Tendler, Philadelphia lightweight, who has been forging to the front at a rapid pace, climbed nearer a chance at Benny Leonard's title when he outpunched, out-generated and outpointed Willie Jackson of New York in a 15 round bout at New Haven.

Tendler had no trouble making 125 pounds for the match. He has been traveling along at a fast clip and has issued a challenge to meet Leonard for the lightweight title.

TOM SHARKEY BROKE

Tom Sharkey, always kidded by sporting scribes as the original tightwad, is broke. The former well known athletic star has accepted a job as night watchman at an ammunition plant in New Jersey and works nightly for \$5 per hour. Reports have it that horses and losses in café ventures swept away his fortune.

Manager Barrow, of the Red Sox, has traded Pitcher Foster to the Reds for Dure Sheen, who will be sub for Johnny Evers at second base.

Catcher Onslow, infielder Scheiner, Outfielder Pitt, and Pitchers Winters, Hinchell, Hogan and Johnson have been turned over to Kansas City by the Giants.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 9.—Zack Wheat, Brooklyn outfielder, has finally come to terms with the Dodger management and has signed up for the year. Brooklyn fans are relieved, as Wheat was badly needed to bolster up the outfield.

The daily joke about Wheatless days for Squire Ebbs is now a thing of the past.

EASTERN FIXES PRICES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 9.—The Eastern league has fixed its admission price at 30 cents for this season. At the same time it issued a statement in which it earnestly protested that the price is no indication of the quality of baseball to be played out to the fans.

STAR SHELLS

ARMY YELLS

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We're out to tan the Kaiser's hide
And cap the Kaiser's nanny.

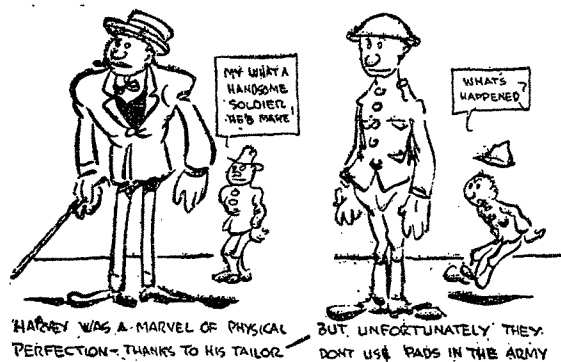
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I have soldered on the border—
I have shot the mucky Mex.
If I ain't got what you order,
You can all pull in your necks.

Chorus
Out of cigarettes completely,
Let the air with anguish ring
While we tell the doughboy sweetly:
"Damn it! Out of everything!"

The Corp. Who Runs the Mess:
Never mind the why and wherefore,
Bullets level ranks and therefore,
Though I slip you lots of slumny,
There's one thing I'll allow:
You will have a cast-iron tummy
When you're humped with Army chow!

THEY'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!



HARRY WAS A MARVEL OF PHYSICAL PERFECTION—THANKS TO HIS TAILOR—BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, THEY DON'T USE PADS IN THE ARMY.



HE WAS CALLED "HANDSOME HARRY" UNTIL THEY TRIMMED HIM DOWN FOR TRENCH UTILITY.



THE GIRLS ALL RAVED ABOUT HAROLD AND HIS CURLY LOCKS.



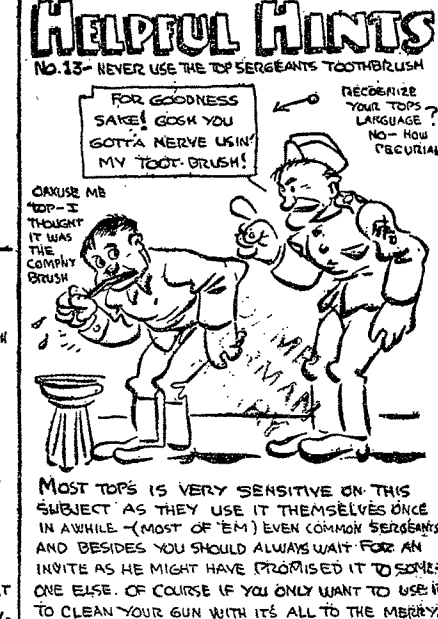
BUT THAT WAS BEFORE HE GOT HIS TRENCH HAIRCUT.



WHILE POOR "FATS" DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE.



THE ARMY SHOWED HIM WHERE TO CARRY HIS LUNCH.



MOST TOPS IS VERY SENSITIVE ON THIS SUBJECT AS THEY USE IT THEMSELVES ONCE IN AWHILE—(MOST OF 'EM) EVEN COMMON SERGEANTS, AND BESIDES YOU SHOULD ALWAYS WAIT FOR AN INVITE AS HE MIGHT HAVE PROMISED IT TO SOMEONE ELSE. OF COURSE IF YOU ONLY WANT TO USE IT TO CLEAN YOUR GUN WITH IT'S ALL TO THE MERRY.

FREE ICE CREAM ON MOTHER'S DAY

Soldiers' and Sailors' Club in Paris Plans Fine Celebration

BRANCH SOON AT HQ. S.O.S.

Officers Only Americans Who Are Denied Privileges of Popular Institution

Mother's Day will be observed at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club in Paris by the serving free of charge of ice cream and cake in unlimited quantities to every mother's son in the ranks of our Army and Navy who may chance to drop in on the afternoon of Sunday, May 12.

It will be a characteristic celebration of an American fête in that hospitable hang-out for enlisted men which is so thoroughly American that it can boast the only American pool table in Paris and the only chocolate ice cream soda in all of France.

There is always ice cream to be had at the club rooms at 11 Rue Royale and the demand for it is so great that between 200 and 300 dishes of it are sold every day over the counter of the canteen. Word of its smoothness and abundance has been passed along the line from soldier to soldier, and even a prisoner and his guard made a detour for a couple of dishes on their way to the lock-up.

The comfortable rooms are always popular with doughboys, who crave the dinners with such American dishes as apple pie, corn-beef hash or griddle cakes and maple syrup, while the stay long enough to read the home town paper, to write a letter to the States, to shoot a game of pool or listen to the music at the smokers which are held every Wednesday and Saturday night.

Plans for S. and S. Number 2
In all, more than 12,000 of us have sampled the hospitality of the club since its doors were first opened last October, and the success has been so marked that before June the S. and S. Club Number 2 will have been launched at the French city within whose gates is the headquarters of the S.O.S.

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE MESS SERGEANT

He's up too gold-darn early to rout out his poor K.P.s—He keeps 'em round too gold-darn late with spuds upon their knees; There's too much gold-darn sameness in his daily bill-of-fare—But plenty of variety when once he starts to swear!

It's always "No more seconds!" and it's always "Scrub that pan!" And always for inspection must the shack be spick and span! It's always "Eggs for officers!" which you have got to fry—And all the good it does you is a promise "bye and bye."

You're always lugging water when the sergeant is about, You're always peeling onions, till the odor in your snout Brings forth the tender taunts—but a lot the sergeant cares, So long as his old non-com mess get double extra shares.

He rides in cars to market, and he spends the day in town—His beans are always underdone; his hash is never brown. It doesn't get you anything to stab him with your looks Of "how-could-you?" reproachfulness—he blames it on the cooks!

SPORTING NEWS AND COMMENT

Jeff Tesreau, who started off with two wins for the New York Giants this year, had the hardest kind of a time to break into fast company. Jeff's real name is Charles M. Tesreau, and he is now 29 years of age. He was born in Trenton, in southern Missouri. Jeff says he cannot remember the time when he was less than six feet tall. As a kid he played on a team in his home town, but he was told to beat it, as he was too clumsy. Jeff then went to Perryville and got a job in a lead mine and was hired to twirl for a semi-pro team. A scout for the Austin club of the Texas league spotted him, but when Jeff reached Austin he learned that that town had dropped from the league. Jeff then went to Houston, where he lasted only a short time, the manager telling him he wasn't any good. Jeff stuck around, however, playing with several other Texas teams. At Shreveport he finally began to make a name for himself and McGraw decided to give him a chance. But he did not stick. Toronto getting him for a year, when he was recalled. The next year he won 17 and lost seven for the Giants, and he was a main man.

Col. Miller, the promoter of the Willard-Fulton fight on July 4, was practically unknown to the fight game until about two months ago. He was at Jacksonville, Fla., tiding away his time when he learned that the world's champion also was there. Willard had worked with Col. Miller's 101 ranch show for 20 weeks right after he had won the title from Jack Johnson, so the Colonel visited the champ. Later he witnessed

the Fulton-Moran scrap at New Orleans, and when he heard the Fulton hoosters yelling for a crack at the title, he decided to see Jess and propose a match for the title. He again visited the champion upon his return to Jacksonville and told Jess about Fulton's boasts. He also told Jess that he was becoming unpopular because he did not defend his title, and the latter then asked Col. Miller point blank to make an offer for the bout. Miller had never been in the fight game and told Jess as much. But the pair came to terms over the details, and the Colonel, who claims his title first, because he was born in Kentucky, and, secondly, because he is on the staff of the Governor of Oklahoma, is now seeking a place to pull off the affair.

Branch Rickey of the St. Louis club expects a lot of Lefty Sherdell, the little blonde southpaw twirler whom he bought from the Milwaukee club last fall. While Rickey was in Milwaukee looking over Marvin Goodwin, the star hurler of the Brewers, Sherdell was on the mound, and although beaten 2 to 1 by Indianapolis, he worked well and Rickey thought he had the makings of a good heater. He learned that Lefty had been losing right along and was to be sold to the Little Rock club for a small price. Rickey offered to take him over and procured a swell young pitcher, as Sherdell won a long string of games for the Brewers during the remainder of the season and later made good in a few games with the St. Louis club. Sherdell is only 20 years of age and may prove a comer this year.

ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Brig Manners

By BRAN MASH

As the season advances and the doughboy, like the frolicsome lamb gamb (o)ling on the green, begins to disport himself, the chances are that week-end guardhouse parties will be increasingly popular among the younger set in the A.E.F. These parties promise to be very exclusive affairs, though not at all hard to get in on if one is really determined to climb, socially or otherwise.

In the first place, you should never attend a guardhouse party to which you have not been especially invited. The giving out of invitations must be strictly in the hands of those stern dictators of etiquette, the M.P.s or the local guard detail. However, any officer or non-com is privileged to extend invitations—within reason.

Once on the visiting list of a guardhouse party, be sure to conform to all the rules, and regulations of the household. By so doing you will save your host great annoyance, and may not be invited to come again. Besides, that is the only way to make sure of catching the train back to town on Monday morning.

For clothing, you should take with you only what you need. The best regulated guardhouses provide sleeping accommodations for their guests, and usually extra blankets, together with all the spades, trowels, pickaxes and mallets needed for "brig sports," as they are so fetchingly called. Oh, yes; there are many other sports in which you may be called upon to participate, other than the never popular "prisoner's base."

While a guest at a guardhouse party, be extremely careful not to leave the premises without proper chaperonage. Insist that your chaperone go properly armed, and keep within close call. In that way, and that only, can you build up a reputation for carefulness and modesty.

A.E.F. SOCIETY NOTES

Pauline Bertha Krupp von Bohlen paid a flying visit to Paris recently, by proxy.

Mother's Day will be celebrated widely by the members of the A.E.F. now sojourning in France and England.

The patronesses for the Inter-Allied Charity Peace Ball have not yet been announced, nor are they likely to be for quite some time.

Life is becoming quite gay again among the members of the fashionable base port colonies, owing to the number of fascinating new arrivals of late.

European travel will be increasingly popular this summer among the younger American set whose ages range from 21 to 31. Several members of the older set are expected to come along also, as chaperones and nursemaids.

SOLDIERS
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SPECIAL PRICES TO AMERICANS

MUSICIANS

Musicians of the National Army, especially those being professedly former on clarinet, oboe and trombone, desiring to join an army band recognized as one of the finest in the service, apply at once, giving experience and qualifications. Address: Bandmaster, care of "The Stars and Stripes," 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris.

MEURICE
HOTEL and
RESTAURANT
228 Rue de Rivoli
(Opposite Tuilleries Gardens)
Restaurant Open to "Residents."

WHOA, THERE, GIANTS! WHAR YOU GWINE?

Cubs Go Along Well Despite Great Loss of Alexander

The New York Giants continue to make a runaway race of it in the National league, and unless some team can step out and stop McGraw's bunch, the old league's pennant race will be spoiled. This will mean thousands of dollars loss for the other clubs, as baseball fans do not like a one sided race.

The Chicago Cubs, despite their loss of Grover Alexander, continue to travel along at a fairly good pace, and appear to be about the only team that has a chance to overtake the runaway Giants.

The Phillies and Pirates continue to prove surprises and are holding their own with the other teams, while the Cards, Dodgers and Braves are 'way down in the rut.

The American league flag chase is much closer than its rivals, the Red Sox gradually being pulled down from their early lead. The Cleveland Indians and New York Yankees are playing consistent ball and so far manage to stay in the fight.

The champion White Sox have not yet struck their gait, but are breaking about even.

Connie Mack's Athletics made quite a spurt during the past week and they may be able to stay out of the cellar position this year, as Washington and St. Louis are not as strong as anticipated.

WITH THE MITT WIELDERS

Jack Dempsey gained the verdict over Billy Miske in their ten round bout at Minneapolis. Dempsey must be a fairly good man to beat Miske in his own half-wit.

Lew Teller has issued a challenge to Benny Leonard for a match for the title. Jack Reddy has been selected to manage Billy Miske. Pearl Smith having lost out. The report that Joe Rivers was lost on the Tuscumia was incorrect.

COLLEGE SPORT NOTES

Owen Floyd has been elected captain of the Rose Poly basketball five for next year. Yale, Harvard and Princeton have agreed to cut down their expenses in the coaching line.

John Griffiths has resigned as athletic director at Drake and is now at Camp Dodge.

Charley Brickley, former Harvard football star, has enrolled in the Naval Reserve.

Dennis O'Connell, crack Harvard middle distance runner, has enlisted as a camion driver in the Red Cross.

Edward ("Bull") McQuay, '10, has been made assistant football coach at the University of Pennsylvania for next fall.

Gilmour Dobie, former famous western coach, has been signed to handle the cadets at Annapolis for the next two years.

Norman Ross recently swam 500 yards in 5:38 1-4, this breaking his old mark for the distance. Ross is now in Army service.

Perry McGillivray, former Illinois A.C. swimmer, now at the Great Lakes Naval Training camp, set a new world's record for the backward stroke event, swimming the distance, 150 yards, in 1:48 4-5. Ben Princell set a new world's bludge record of 41 1-5 for 75 feet.

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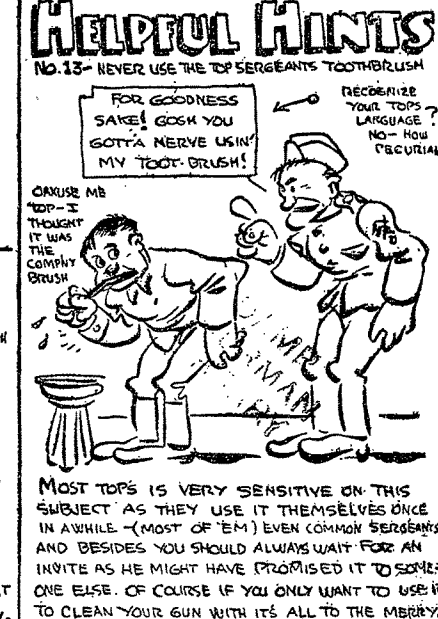
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-By WALLGREN



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WARFARE IN MOVIES NOT AS WE WAGE IT

Villain Badly Fooled When
He Hurls Ostrich-Egg
Grenade

TANK BREAKS SPEED LAWS

Caterpillars Fail to Turn, But
That Isn't Enough to Stop
Armored Terror

Special Correspondence of THE STARS
AND STRIPES

LONDON, May 9.—Those American-made war-dramas must be giving the folks back home a swell idea of what The War isn't like. They go big over there, proving the Englishman's contention that he, too, has a sense of humor.

Up at that picture place in Tottenham Court-road where there's always a Chaplin film of venerable age and flickery action, they trotted out a five-reeler today called "On to Berlin."

William Fox is accused of producing "On to Berlin."

The villain twirls his mustache and the hero, as usual, wears his flannel shirt carelessly open clear down to his belt buckle in regular hero fashion, so you can see him inflate his chest till it sticks out like he'd swallowed a basketball.

An audience with a bunch of war-wise-guys in it can tolerate the old dramatic flub on the ground that the theatrical business is entitled to its own little tricks. But it is when William Fox put the out-at-tilt, super-dardevil and super-soldier through his military paces that the soldiers in the place began to wonder whether Fox was trying to kid them or meant this as an on-the-level film.

How Not to Do It

For Paul Mordant's first stunt Mr. Fox had him throw some hand-grenades. First of all, the villain, a captain, tried it. He couldn't boost his egg more than ten yards. And no wonder, because the action of the piece compelled him to throw like a girl.

Paul, however, steps up and grabs a hand-grenade.

"Oh, gawd!" groaned a Chicago Canadian. "Look at that grenade, will you? Size of an ostrich egg."

The Maple-leaf offered a free tip to American producers for their guidance in future war films. The grenade is about the size and shape of a pear and you needn't throw it but hurl it because you will snap your elbow to splinters if you try to throw them, especially Paul's size the way Paul did it.

Well, next there was a tank. This was certainly the Stivers of the whole tank circus. Both ends were "front."

The funny design wouldn't have caused too much mirth there when the tank began to charge that the boys from Festubert and Mesines howled for the author.

One turn of the crank and — zip! That old tank rolled right out of the picture, going like a Fifth Avenue bus. And the caterpillars were stockstill, not turning a single tread.

Well, let's see, what else?

Hard to Recognize Tommies

Oh, yes; the Russian general got his share of laughs when he crashed into the scene wearing an American officer's barracks cap and a cosmopolitan kind of coat. The British Tommies in the crowd failed at first to recognize their brother Tommies of the film, the latter being camouflaged under the wrong kind of a trench hat. These helmets were recognizable as being French, or at least more like the French than military.

Once or twice some American ambulances raced on to a nice smooth battlefield with a great big Stars and Stripes and Tricolor flying at the stern of each car. Out of special consideration for Paul's rank as star of the piece, one car made a special trip for him, leaving lots of other wounded lying about the ground, although there was room in the car for at least four more. And anyway, if they had waited a minute, Paul could have walked in because, as it developed later, all he had was a head-ache—or maybe it was a hang-over.

Just Like Old Times

There were noches wearing spiked helmets in this day when the enemy troops have been wearing their distinctive style of steel helmets for a couple of years. Soldiers were shown in action without their gas masks at the alert position. No, by golly, they didn't have any masks at all.

A German prince is shown leading his men into a regular dog-fight of a street battle and presumably shouting "Hoch!" or "Duck!"

The Crown Prince will feel flattered if he sees this part because they do say he never takes chances nearer the line than division E. G.

Paul is the fair-haired boy to fool them all. He manages to go right through our own lines (this is the West Front, too) and through the German tanks, going at least 75 miles an hour on a lathery hose without ever seeing a German except the Prince, who is addressing the pretty nurse in an automobile, and still slips up a tree in half a day, climbs into the window of the Prince's bedroom and shoots him.

It seems that the sentries they usually have around a Prince's place are all out in back of the studio shooting craps when this part of the film is made. Anyway, they let Paul get by without the slightest challenge.

So they'll probably be court-martialed and executed.

And it will serve them right, too, because it would be a shame to let everybody connected with "On to Berlin" get off without punishment.

MASONIC CLUB OPENED

The first Masonic club to be opened in the A.E.F. is maintaining "open house" in the vicinity of A.P.O. 708 and, according to word sent out to the Masons in the A.E.F., is worth any trouble occasioned in the search of it. It is in a one story stone building and includes a well fitted assembly room with a real piano and writing, card and committee rooms. It is open from 6 to 10 P. M. daily and from noon on Sundays.

The club was dedicated recently. The attendance was almost four hundred and canvas leggings mingled in the audience with bars, leaves and stars. There was music by a military band and a buffet luncheon.

Colonel —, in his speech of dedication, said:

"We will be very glad to receive among us any non-Masons who have a real desire in their hearts to carry out, or assist in carrying out, the very high principles of Freemasonry."

TWO LITTLE HUN VICTIMS AND THEIR STORY



Suzanne Vicart

Another typical example of the brutality practiced by the Germans against the innocent residents of the invaded districts of Northern France was disclosed recently when the American Red Cross investigated the case of a destitute grandmother and her four grandchildren whom they found homeless and penniless.

The family name of the children is Vicart. Rendered homeless by the first Hun onrush in 1914, they have suffered most of the terrors that the Boche could conceive and the war produce.

The Vicart family consisted of a mother, father and four children. They lived happily in a little village near the Belgian frontier. With them resided the aged parents of the mother. The father was a foreman in a brasserie.

When the Germans began their brutal invasion of Belgium in 1914 the father joined his regiment to fight for his home and country. Soon after he had left the Germans overran and partially destroyed the village. The entire population was removed to Belgium and held in a camp for a month when, in groups and under guard, they were removed and distributed over captured territory to fill the soil.

The grandfather of the children died. The mother, her children and their grandmother, contrived to keep together

and were detailed to work a farm from which the owners had fled. The mother befriended a French reservist who was a fugitive from the Germans. For a year she kept him secreted in a cellar, skimping the scanty allowance of herself and her children to give him food.

Eventually the reservist was discovered. The mother was sentenced to death. Then, as if to show that they were capable of even greater cruelty, the Germans denied either the grandmother or the children to see their mother and finally, because the grandmother was too old and the children too young to work on the land, sent them into France.

It was not for months after they got to France that they learned the mother was living and that the sentence had been commuted. She now is in the Holzminden prison camp. The father still is at the front. He has been fighting throughout the war.

The difficulties of the Vicart family have been partially solved by including two of the children in the mascot adoption plan of THE STARS AND STRIPES, thus insuring them, at least, of the necessities of life for a year.

Marel, aged 6, has been adopted by the Y.M.C.A. at Base Hospital No. 8, and his younger sister, Suzanne, by

Lieut. John P. Healy of the Air Service.

PRISONER AT FIRST, THEN GUEST OF TOWN

American Aviator in Italy
Finds Brand New Thrill
in Flying Game

One American aviator knows just how it feels to land in enemy country and be arrested and jailed as a prisoner of war. He didn't actually land in Germany or Austria to get the thrill, either. It happened in Italy.

The aviator, a native of Philadelphia, was making a prescribed distance flight from an Italian training field with a low mountain peak as his objective for a turning point. He was traveling high with clouds below him most of the way.

When he reached the peak he became confused and misread his compass. Instead of making a half turn he made a full circle and continued straight ahead. About the time he thought he must be getting back near the training field he descended several thousand feet for a close look at the country. It was unfamiliar. He continued until his gasoline ran low and then made a landing in a small valley. No sooner was he on the ground, though, than he was surrounded by a threatening crowd of Italians armed with pitchforks, antiquated agricultural implements and antiquated fire arms.

His protest that he was an American was unheeded. They assumed he was an Austrian aviator who had lost his way, and led him off to jail. It was not until an Italian from a nearby village who had lived in New York appeared that the American established his identity. But after he had proven who he was, that he was an aviator came to fight the Austrians and Germans—he was the honored guest of the town. The mayor entertained him for a week while the American waited for gasoline and a truck to tow his machine to a starting ground.

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HOSPITAL NO PLACE FOR TANK ASPIRANT

Corporal Who Wanted to
Go Home Had Different
Idea From Surgeon's

The personnel training for the work of the Tank Corps is apparently developing the Tank Corps tradition of "getting there" regardless of speed and obstacles.

A corporal of the corps, who was mached up in an accident a few days ago and taken to a hospital for treatment, announced to the surgeon and the nurses as soon as his leg was in its case that he wanted to go home. The surgeon and nurses have heard similar requests before, and did not respond to the Tank corporal's plea. He then informed the nurse confidentially that he was "going home" anyway and was going to start that night.

The next morning Corporal — was missing from his cot. So were his crutches and his clothing. He was heard from at "home," which in his case was the renovated stable where his particular Tank Corps unit was at work. The stable is 20 miles away from the hospital, and Corporal — had made it on crutches after walking all night and all the next day through deep mud and incessant rain.

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sorship, Accidents Will
Happen

This is what Jimmy, back home, got from Hank, over here:

"Dear little girl—You certainly were the finest and nicest and sweetest thing in the world to send me those socks—and to think that you knit them all yourself. I tell you, a fellow appreciates things like that when they're done for him with such a spirit, and" etc. etc., etc.

"Well, it's getting late, little girl, and they will soon put the lights out. There is a bombardment on outside, but I don't mind it a bit while I'm thinking of you. I can shut my eyes and see just how you looked that day at the Sunday School picnic out at Quaker Lake."

"No more tonight. I am writing regular here in the 'Y.M.' tent, every week, and hope you get my letters as regular on the other side of the 'big pond.' You don't know what your letters mean to me in keeping me 'bucked up' as we say in the Army, and everything. God bless and keep you! As ever yours, HENRY." x x x x x x x x

"O.K., I know it, Hank."
2nd Lt., Inf., U.S.A.

"He's dory," snorted Jimmy, when he read it. "Must have had shell shock or something to get that way. Of all the slush—"

This is what Kitty, back home, got from Henry, over here:

"Gee, Jimmy, but you ought to have been with us on the party we pulled away last night. Wow! I never had so much fun since I've been over here. All of us pulled down two or three months' pay, as the Eagle hadn't been around these parts for a long time, and we all had rolls that would have choked a horse. We went down into town on a truck and I guess we brought up every blooming thing that there was there, and then some. And we ran into a funny, red-headed guy in a cafe who was a ventriloquist and who had the M.P. outside there just honey calling him in and everything and then throwing his voice out and calling him back out again. Funny? I never saw the heat of him! He could sing, too! He had one peach that went: (Song is omitted.)"

"After that we all got back to our Higgins and started in some sesh with the old bones. I cleaned the Top and my corporal, rolled 'em out of everything they had and they both have longevity pay, too. And next week I draw leave, with all that mazuma for massaging a perfectly good trench thirst and everything. Oh, boy! I guess I won't look good to these French janes when I flash that roll. Some of them are knockouts for looks, too—better than any you see in the States. With best wishes and hoping to hear from you soon, I am, Yours, HANK."

"O.K., I know it, Hank."
2nd Lt., Inf., U.S.A.

What Kitty said when she got that cannot be put down here. Kitty is a lady. When she finished that missive, she was a very red-eyed and sniffling little lady. She is yet, whenever she thinks of it.

The moral? It's obvious. "One envelope open at a time."

HOW IT HAPPENED

Tears filled the soldier's eyes. Though brave and true was he, For he was peeling onions

By the hour on K.P.

STORIES OF THE LORRAINE LINE

It happens that the German commander directly opposed to one of our machine gun batteries is an old acquaintance of the commanding colonel's. The German, years ago, was a military attaché at the same place where the colonel was stationed.

"He hasn't bothered us much lately," said the colonel, the other day. "He knows I'm on this side, and he probably says to himself, 'German words to this effect: "Well, it's not worth while bothering about that dub So-and-So."'

Rosy-cheeked, clean, looking as though he were ready to stroll into the Blackstone or the Ritz or the St. Francis to afternoon tea, a young private